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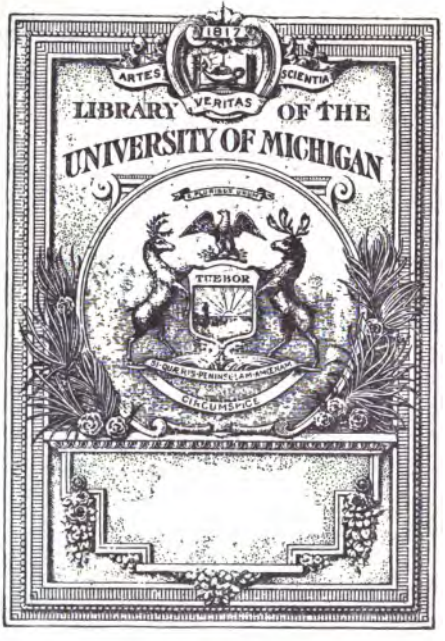

GIFT OF
ia B. Abbott

THE

HILD'S SONG BOOK

FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS

AND THE

HOME CIRCLE

BY

MARY H. HOWLISTON

OAKLAND SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL.

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A. S. BARNES & COMPANY

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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4-27-59

PREFACE.

MOST of our school singing-books are arranged for all grades, and, in consequence, parents and primary teachers have had difficulty in finding a sufficient number and variety of songs for little children, without the inconvenience and expense of several books.

Because of this fact, "The Child's Song Book" was especially prepared for the lowest grades, and for the children at home.

All teachers recognize the fact that added interest is felt in the singing at school, by pupils, parents, and friends, if the school-songs can also be used at home.

A majority of the numbers are published for the first time, though they have been used in the school-room, where many of them originated in the childish experiences, talk, and ideas of the children themselves.

To these have been added a number of old songs, popular with teachers and pupils, the whole furnishing, it is believed, as many songs, games, and exercises as a teacher will need or use in a school year.

THE AUTHOR.

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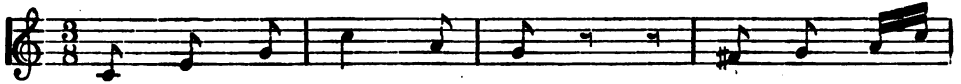
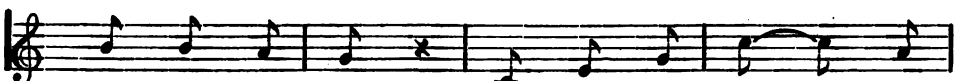
THE CHILD'S SONG BOOK.

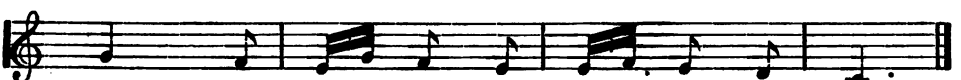
SPRING-TIME.



Spring time has come, has come, Hunt up the
Spring time has come, has come, Plen - ty of
Spring time has come, has come, Lit - tle birds

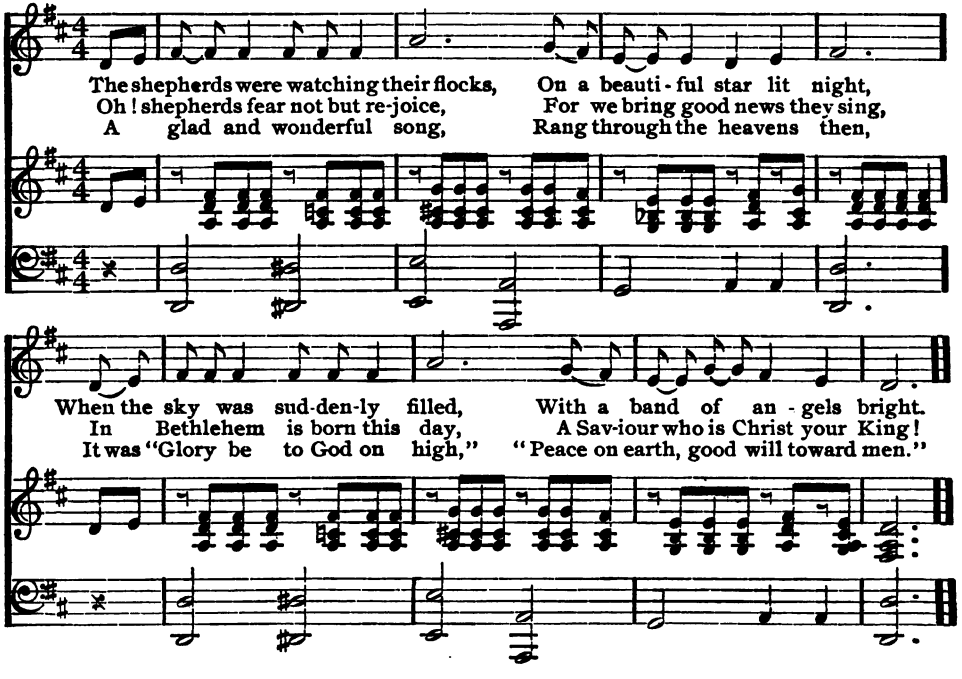


mar - - bles and tops, Jack - stones and jump - ing - ropes
mud to make pies, Ponds where our boats . . can
build - ing their nests, Leaves com - ing out on the

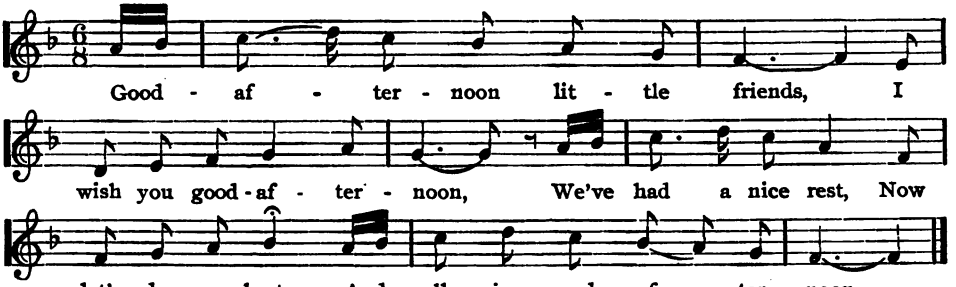


too, We'll play all day long in the sun.
sail, O, Spring-time brings plen - ty of fun.
trees, And brook - lets that sing as they run.

CHRISTMAS.


The shepherds were watching their flocks, On a beauti-ful star lit night,
Oh! shepherds fear not but re-joice, For we bring good news they sing,
A glad and wonderful song, Rang through the heavens then,
When the sky was sud-den-ly filled, With a band of an-gels bright.
In Bethlehem is born this day, A Sav-iour who is Christ your King!
It was "Glory be to God on high," "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

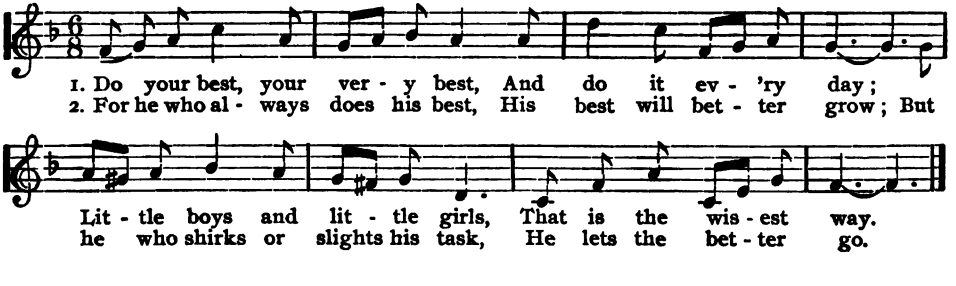
GOOD-AFTERNOON.



Children stand while singing, bow and shake hands with one another and with the teacher.

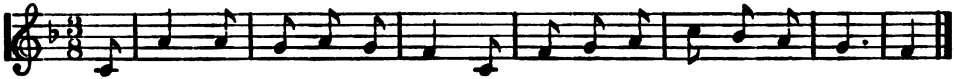
DO YOUR BEST.

M. VILLA.



GOOD MORNING.

1st. VOICE. SCHOOL.

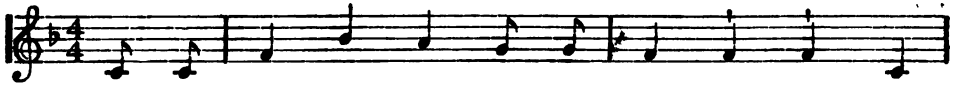


We lit - tle women and men, Good morning, good morning, good morning.

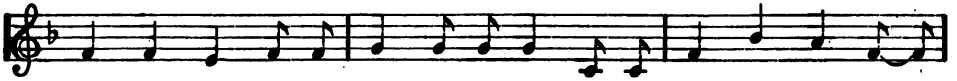
2d VOICE. Are glad to be here again,
SCHOOL. Good morning, etc.
3d VOICE. Our faces should all be bright,
SCHOOL. Good morning, etc.
4th VOICE. For our hearts are happy and light,
SCHOOL. Good morning, etc.
5th VOICE. We'll do right in work or play,
SCHOOL. Good morning, etc.
6th VOICE. So 'twill be a pleasant day,
SCHOOL. Good morning, etc.

LITTLE SLATE.

H.

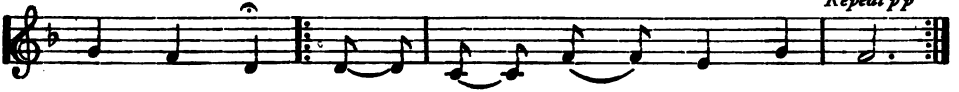


1. Lit - tle slate come out of your house, your house, Come
2. Lit - tle sponge come here and make haste, make haste, To
3. Lit - tle slate go back to your house, your house, Go



out as still as a mouse, as a mouse, You have work to do, and when
wash the face of my slate, of my slate, Rub it up and down, rub it
back as still as a mouse, as a mouse, You had work to do, but

Repeat p p

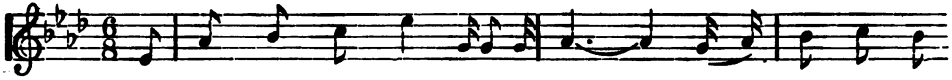


you are through You can rest in your lit - tle house.
all a - round Where ev - er a mark is found.
now you're through And can rest in your lit - tle house.

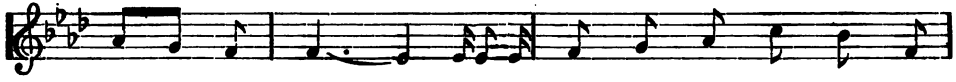
1st verse sung when slates are needed, 2nd on using sponges, 3rd putting slates away.

GOOD-MORNING.

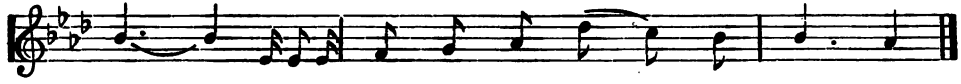
H.



1. You beau - ti - ful gold - en sun, Just lis - ten to
2. Good sun look on each little child, As light ov - er
3. And please smile on us all day, And we'll try to do



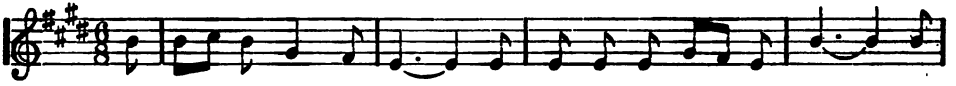
what we're singing; We're glad you are shin - ing to-
all you're flinging If his hands or his face are not
eve - ry - thing So well that you'll soon come a-



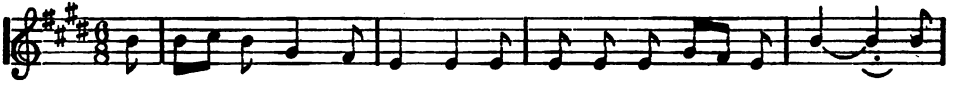
- day, And bid you "Good-morn - ing," "good - morn - ing."
clean, Do not lis - ten to his "good - morn - ing"
- gain, And bid us "good-morn - ing," "good - morn - ing"

GOOD-NIGHT.

H.



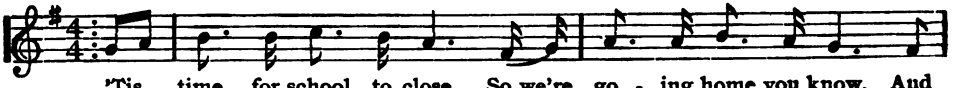
1 Good-night, good-night, good-night, We'll meet in the morn- ing light, But
2 Good-night, good-night, good-night, We'll meet in the morn- ing light, May



now we'll a - way to run and play, Good-night, good-night, good-night.
an - gels guard us while we sleep, Good-night, good-night, good-night.

Throw kisses to the teacher at close.

GOOD-BY.



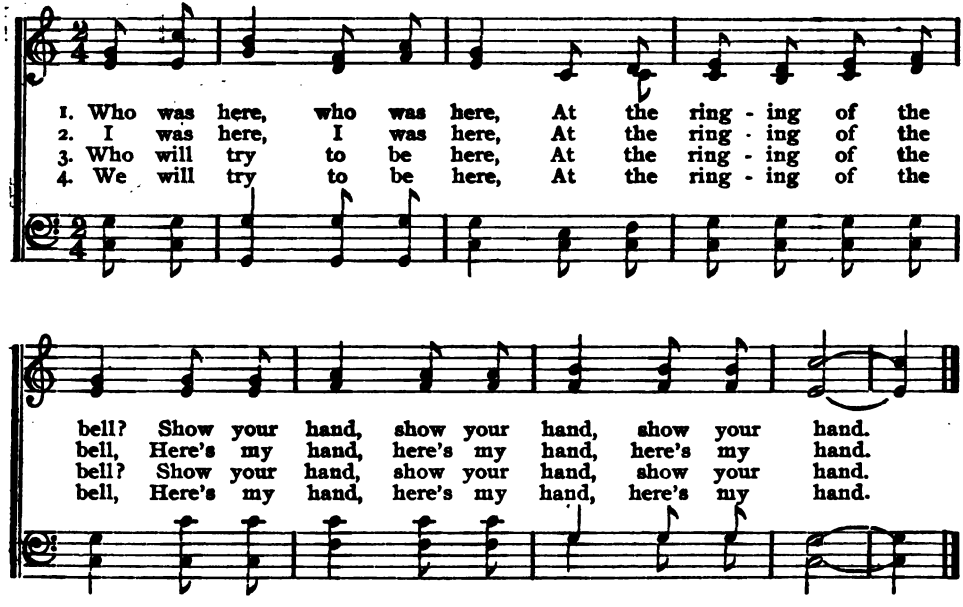
'Tis time for school to close, So we're go - ing home you know, And
Tra la la la la la, "Good - by, good-by, good-by" Tra

that's the rea - son why We sing "good - by, good-by."
la la la la la, "Good - by, good - by, good-by."

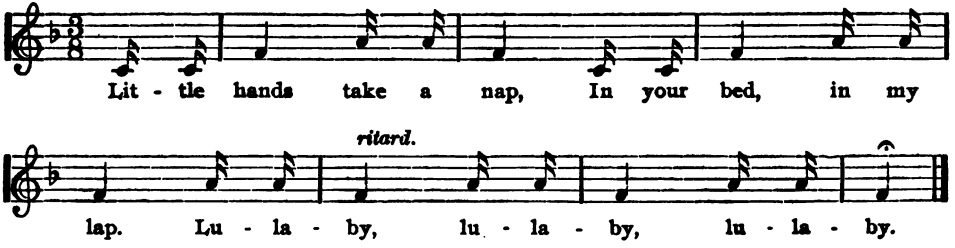
Children while singing march around and from the room and through arches, made by uplifted hands.

WHO WAS HERE?

(Let those raise hands who have the right to do so)

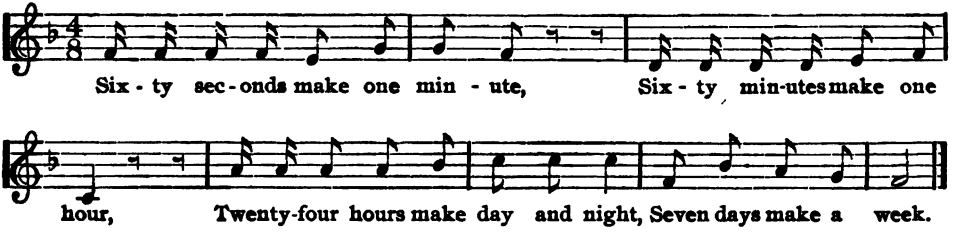


LITTLE HANDS. *



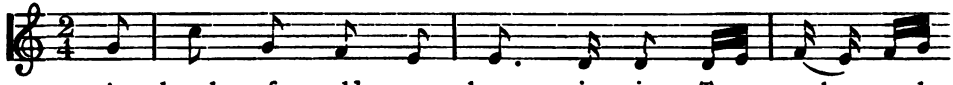
* Children sing to their hands, which are laid in their laps and supposed to go to sleep.

SIXTY SECONDS.

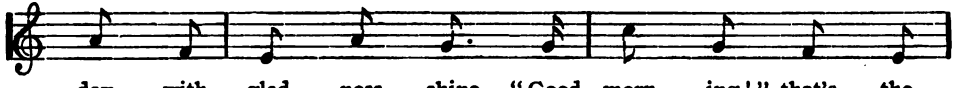


A BUNCH OF KEYS.

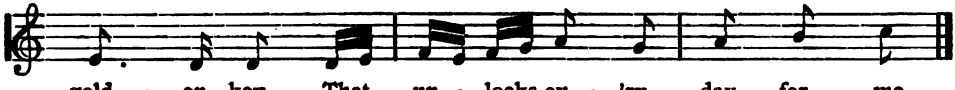
H.



A bunch of gold - en keys is mine, To make each
When eve - ning comes, "Good night!" I say, And close the
When friends give a - ny - thing to me, I'll use the

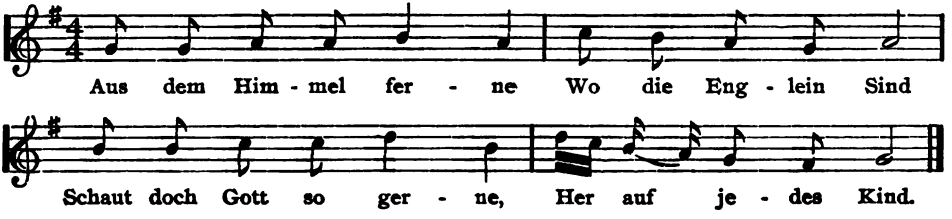


day with glad - ness shine. "Good morn - ing!" that's the
door of each glad day. When at the ta - ble
lit - tle "Thank you" key. I'll oft - en use each



gold - en key, That un - locks ev - 'ry day for me.
"If you please!" I take from off my bunch of keys.
gold - en key, And so a hap - py child I'll be.

GOTT VATER.



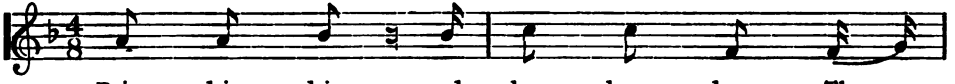
2 Höret Seine Bitte
Treu bei Tag und Nacht,
Nimmt's bei jedem Schritte
Väterlich in Acht.

3 Gibt mit Vater händen
Ihm Sein täglich Brot,
Hilft an allen Enden
Ihm aus Angst und Noth.

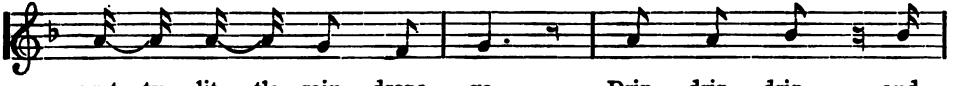
4 Sagt's den Kindern allen,
Dasz ein Vater ist,
Dem sie wohlgefallen.
Der sie nie vergiszt'.

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.

Arr.



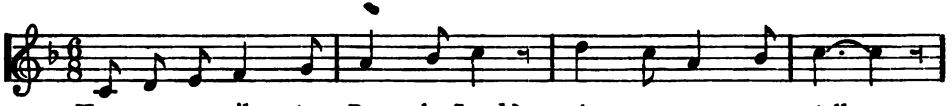
1. Drip, drip, drip, and drop, drop, drop, The
2. Crack, crack, crack, and dash, dash, dash, Is the
3. Float, float, float, and dance, dance, dance, The



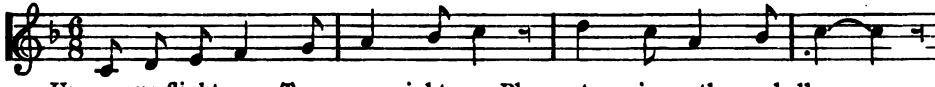
pret - ty lit - tle rain - drops go. Drip, drip, drip, and
song the hail - stones sing. Crack, crack, crack, and
beau - ti - ful snow comes down. Float, float, float, and

drop, drop, drop, Mak - ing mu - sic soft and low.
dash, dash, dash, As the mu - sic round us rings.
dance, dance, dance, And the white flakes make no sound.

HOW MANY MILES?



1. How ma - ny miles to Ba - by Land? A - ny one can tell;
2. What do they do in Ba - by Land? Dream and wake and play,

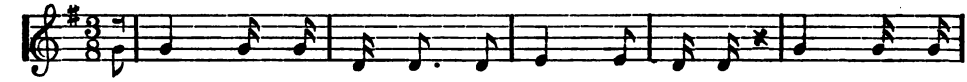


Up one flight, To your right; Please to ring the bell.
Laugh and crow, Shout and grow; Jol - ly times have they.

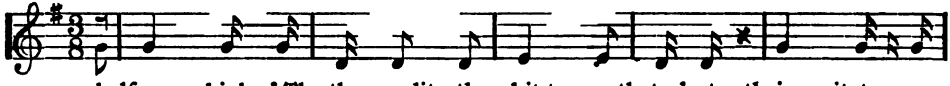
What do they say in Baby Land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a Birdie sings.

Who is the queen in Baby Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love
Born above
Guides the little feet.

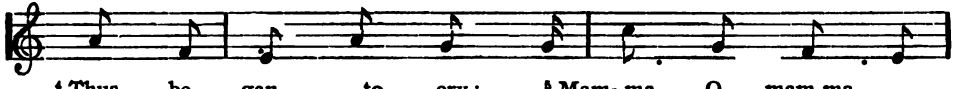
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.



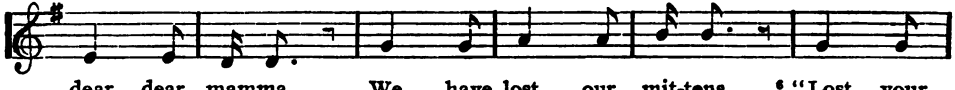
[1] Three lit - tle kit - tens, they lost their mit-tens, [2] Up - on a
[7] The three lit - tle kit - tens, they found their mit-tens, [8] Up - on a



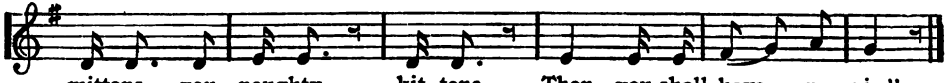
shelf so high, [3] The three lit - tle kit-tens that lost their mit- tens,
shelf so high, [9] The three lit - tle kit-tens that found their mit- tens,



[4] Thus be - gan to cry: [5] Mam- ma, O mam-ma
[10] Thus be - gan to cry: [11] Mam- ma dear, mam-ma



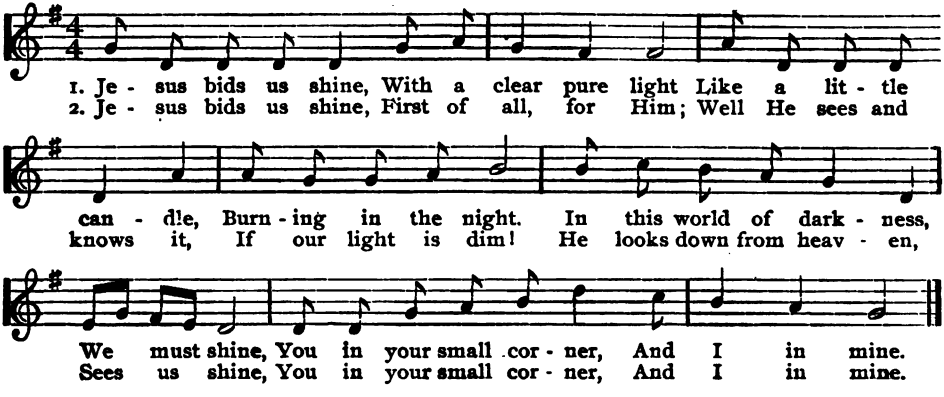
dear, dear mamma, We have lost our mit-tens. [6] "Lost your
see dear mamma, We have found our mit-tens. [12] "Found your



1. Sing with drooping and sad faces. 2. Motion upwards. 3 and 4 like 1. 5. Rubbing eyes and sobbing. 6. Frown and cross tones. 7. Faces covered with smiles. 8. Pointing upward. 9 and 10 like 7. 11. Outstretched hands, smiles and laughter. 12. Tokens of approval

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

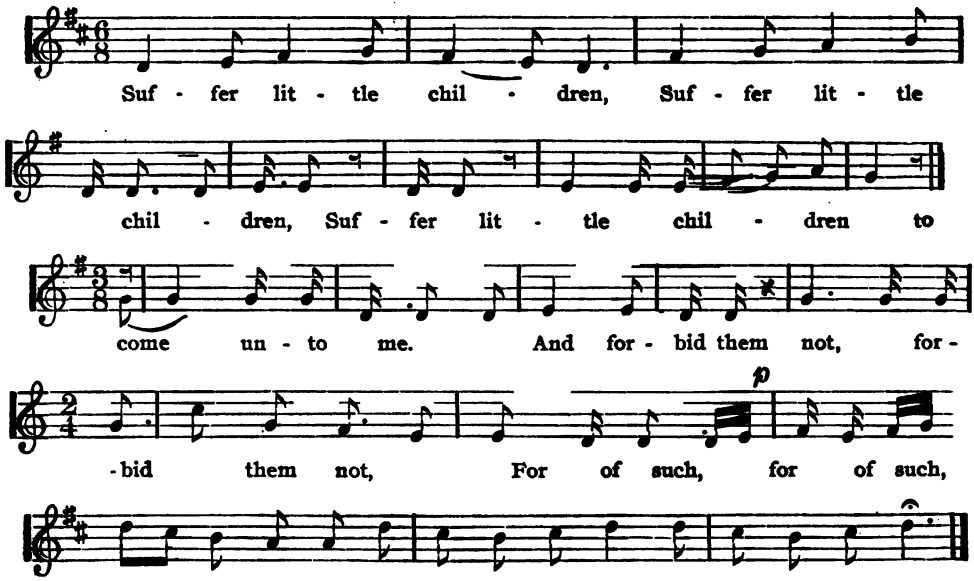
E. O. Excell.



By permission of E. O. EXCELL.

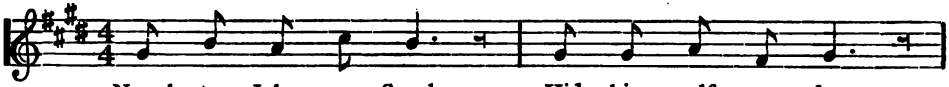
SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

Arranged.

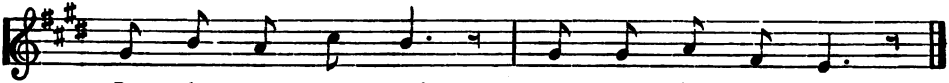


JOHNNY SNARL.

H.



1. Naugh - ty John - ny Snarl, Hid him - self one day,



In the pret - ty curls Of our dar - ling May.

There he tied hard knots
In her lovely hair,
Tangled, pulled and jerked,
Every lock so fair.

But her mamma came
With a brush and comb,
Smoothed the curls, and drove
Naughty Johnny home.

Now for other curls,
Johnny hunts about;
And he'll find yours too—
If you don't look out!

The teacher can have this song done by three children in pantomine during the singing if she chooses. A child for Johnny Snarl who thrusts his fingers in the hair of another, who cries, while a third comes with a comb, and drives Johnny out. He then runs (4th. verse) in and out among children, who bend their heads, and keep out of his way.

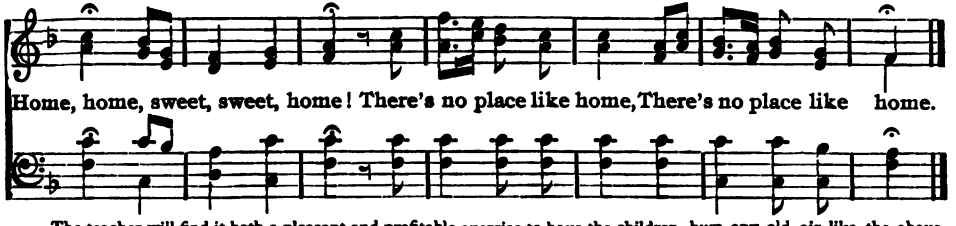
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Andante.

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; O give me my

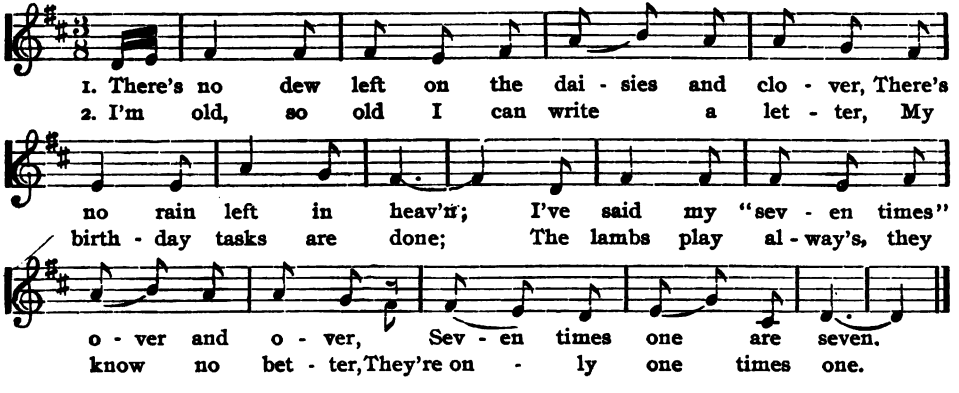
hum - ble, there's no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain, The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that

hal- low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
come at my call: Give me these, with the peace of mind dear- er than all.



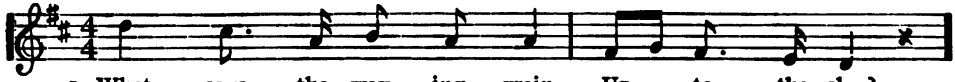
The teacher will find it both a pleasant and profitable exercise to have the children, hum any old air like the above, while she sings the alto and words.

JEAN INGLOW. **SEVEN TIMES ONE.** H.



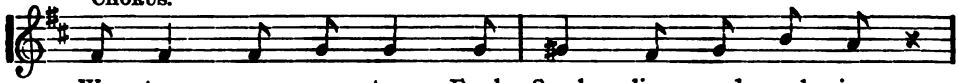
WATER, PURE WATER.

H.

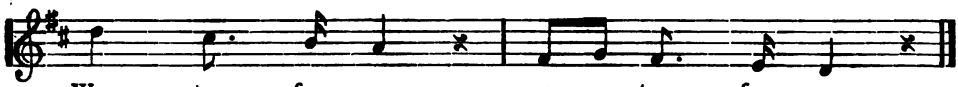


1. What says the wav - ing grain Up to the sky?
2. What says the ti - ny flower Sil- ver - ed with dew?
3. What say the joy - ous birds War - bling in glee?
4. What say the girls and boys Rud - dy and fair?

CHORUS.



Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Fresh, Spark - ling and gush - ing

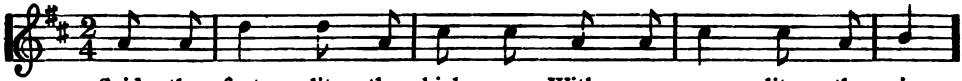


Wa - ter for me, wa - ter for me.

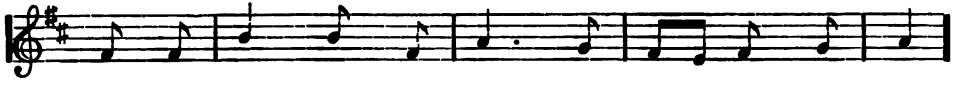
(Sing the stanzas as solos and whole school on chorus.)

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

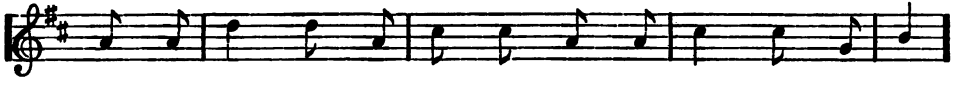
H. W. F. by per.



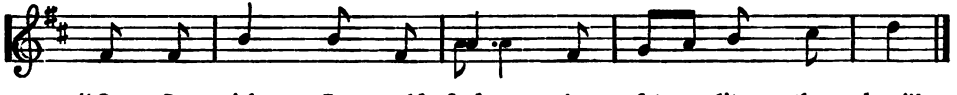
1. Said the first lit - tle chick - en, With a queer lit - tle squirm,
2. Said the third lit - tle chick - en, With a sharp lit - tle squeal,
3. Said the fifth lit - tle chick - en, With a faint lit - tle moan,



"O I wish I could find A fat lit - tle worm!"
"O I wish I could find Some nice yel - low meal!"
"O I wish I could find A wee grav - el stone!"



Said the next lit - tle chick - en, With an odd lit - tle shrug,
Said the fourth lit - tle chick - en, With a small sigh of grief,
"Now see here," said the moth - er, From the green gar - den patch,



"O I wish I could find A fat lit - tle bug!"
"O I wish I could find A green lit - tle leaf!"
"If you want a - ny breakfast You just come and scratch."

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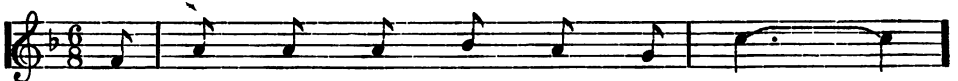
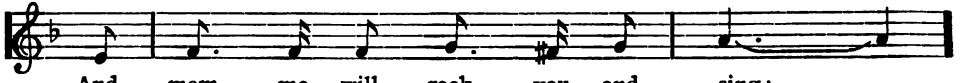
DOLLY'S LULLABY.

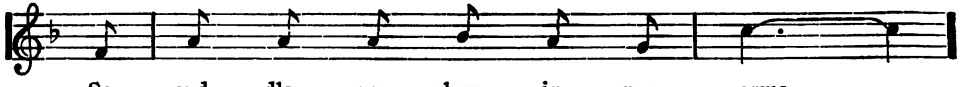
H.



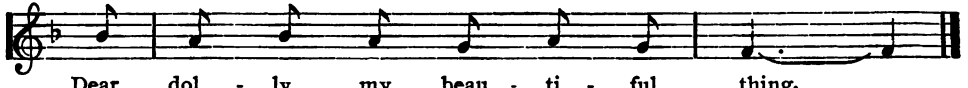
1. Now shut up your eyes lit - tle doll,
2. Now hush - a - by, rock - a - by doll,



And mam - ma will rock you and sing;
My dar - ling with eyes of deep blue;



So cud - dle up close in my arms,
You know that there is in my heart,

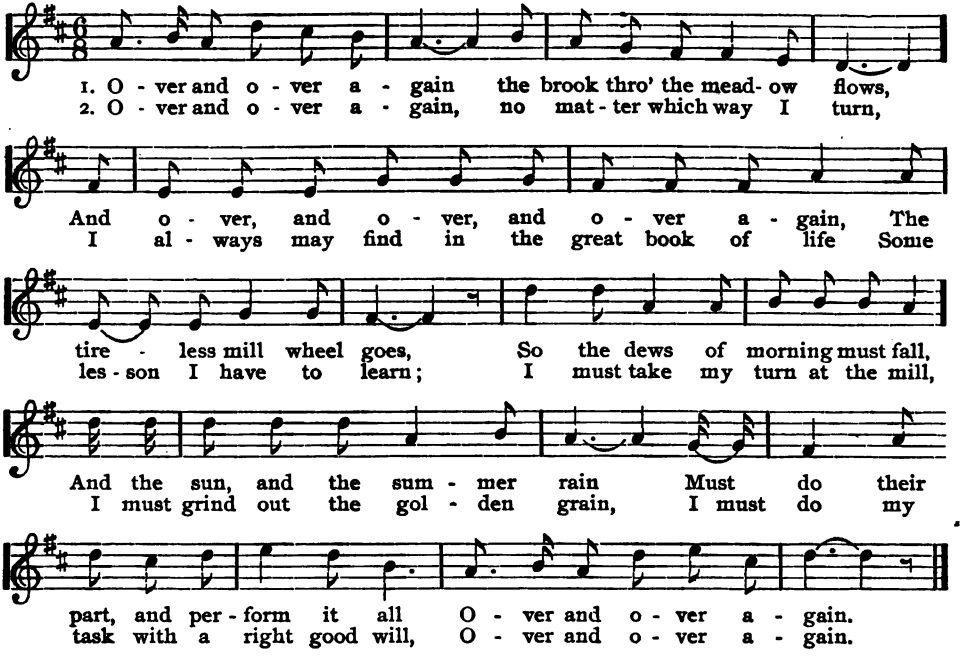


Dear dol - ly, my beau - ti - ful thing.
The tru - est of love, dear, for you.

Let the children occasionally have a "Doll Day;" when the little girls can rock their dollies and sing this lullaby.

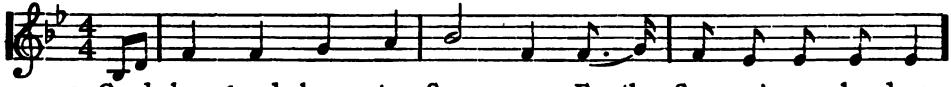
OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

F. W. Root.

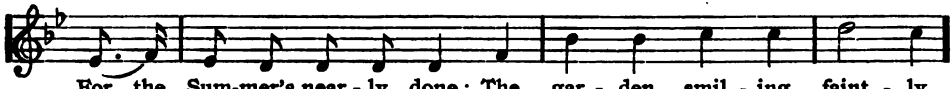


ROBIN RED-BREAST.

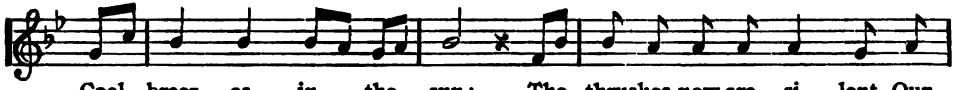
Words by ALLINGHAM.
German Air.



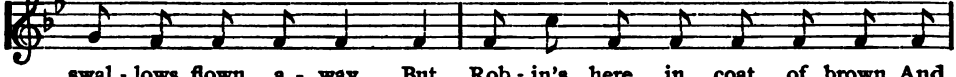
1. Good - bye, good - bye to Sum - mer, For the Summer's near- ly done,
2. The fire - side for the crick - et, The wheat-stack for the mouse,



For the Sum-mer's near - ly done; The gar - den smil - ing faint - ly,
The wheat-stack for the mouse; When trem - bling night- winds whis - tle,

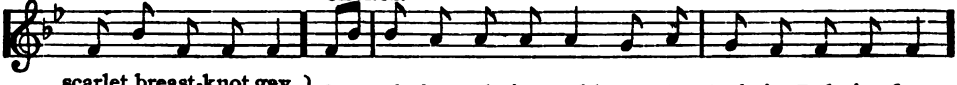


Cool breez - es in the sun; The thrushes now are si - lent, Our
And moan all round the house; The frost - y ways, like i - ron, The

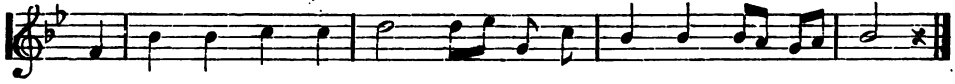


swal - lows flown a - way, But Rob - in's here in coat of brown, And
branch-es, plum'd with snow, A - las! in Win - ter dead and dark, Where

CHORUS.



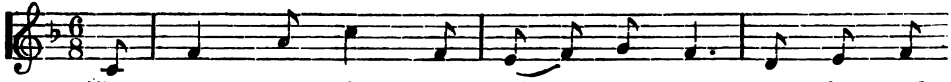
scarlet breast-knot gay.
can poor Rob - in go? } O Rob- in, Rob- in Red-breast, O Rob- in, Rob- in dear,



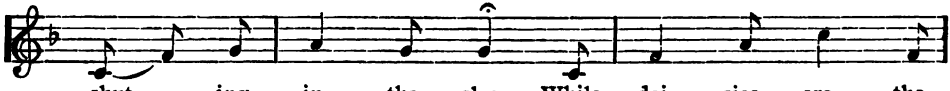
O Rob - in sings so sweet - ly in the fall - ing of the year.

STARS AND DAISIES.

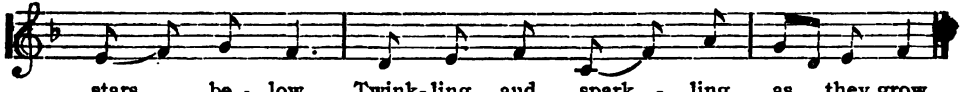
H.



1. The stars are ti - ny dai - sies high: Op - 'ning and
2. The star - buds blos - som in the night, And love the



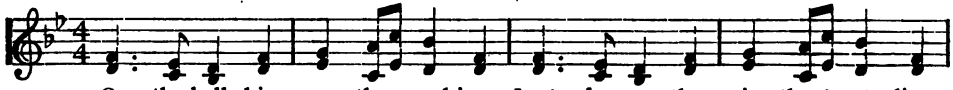
shut - ing in the sky, While dai - sies are the
moon's calm ten - der light; But dai - sies bloom out



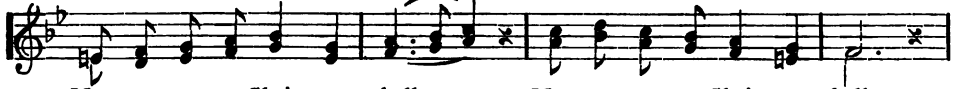
stars be - low, Twink - ling and spark - ling as they grow.
in the day, And watch the strong sun on his way.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

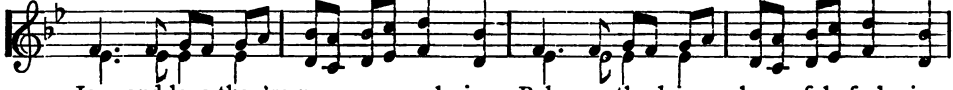
H. W. F. By per.



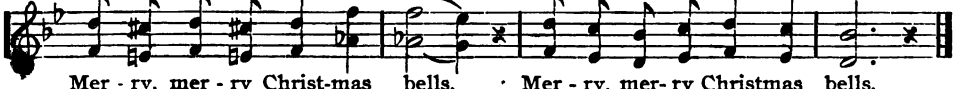
1. O, the bell-chimes sweetly peal-ing, Gent - ly on the air they're stealing,
2. Hark, a sim - ple lay they're chiming, Here the wild con - fus - ion rhym-ing,
3. List a-gain! those tongues are seeming, With a thousand voic - es teem - ing,



Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells, Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells,
Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells, Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells,
Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells, Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells,



Joy and love they're now re - veal - ing, Pul - ses throb in hope- ful feel - ing,
Now in scale me - lo - dious climbing, Then a low and silv - 'ry tim - ing,
Tell - ing that a star is gleaming, Now from Ju - dah's plain is beam- ing,



Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells.
Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells.
Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Mer - ry, mer- ry Christmas bells.

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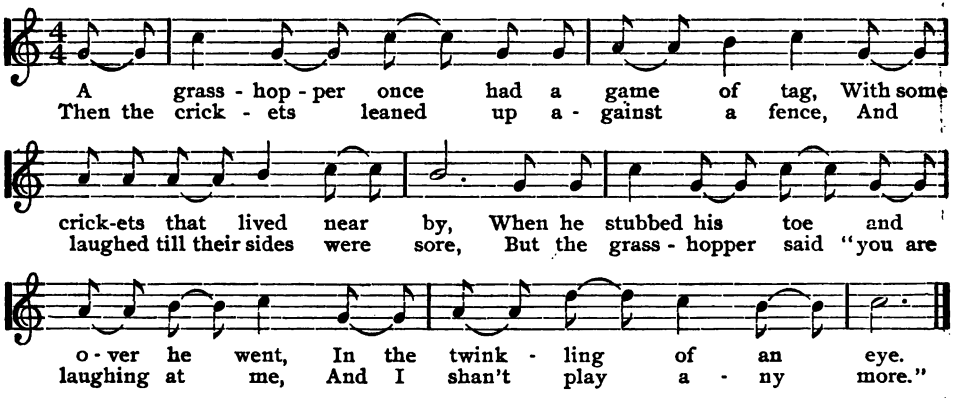
M. H H.

A GAME OF TAG.

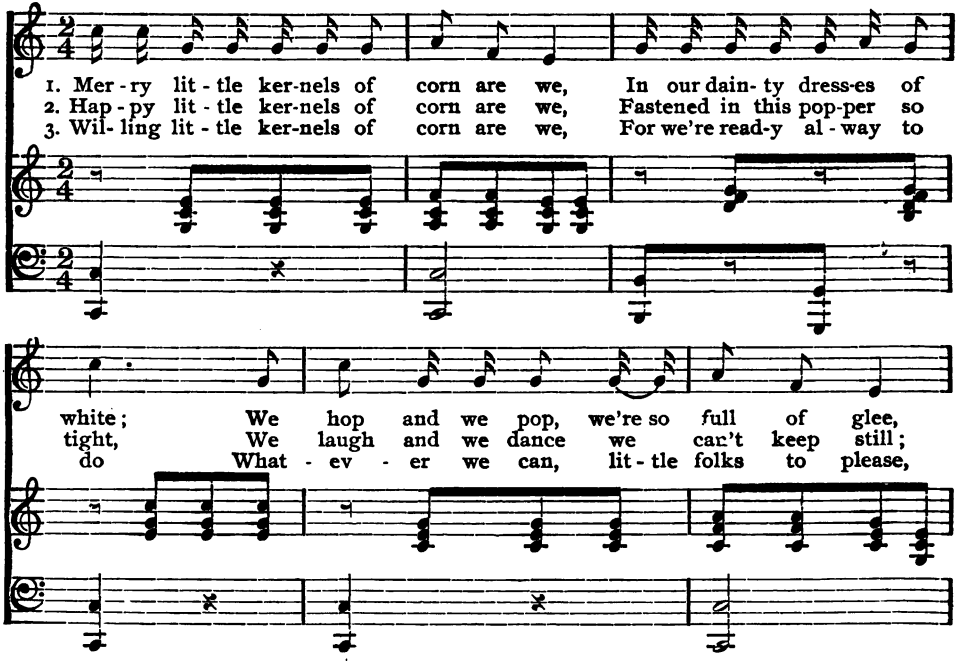


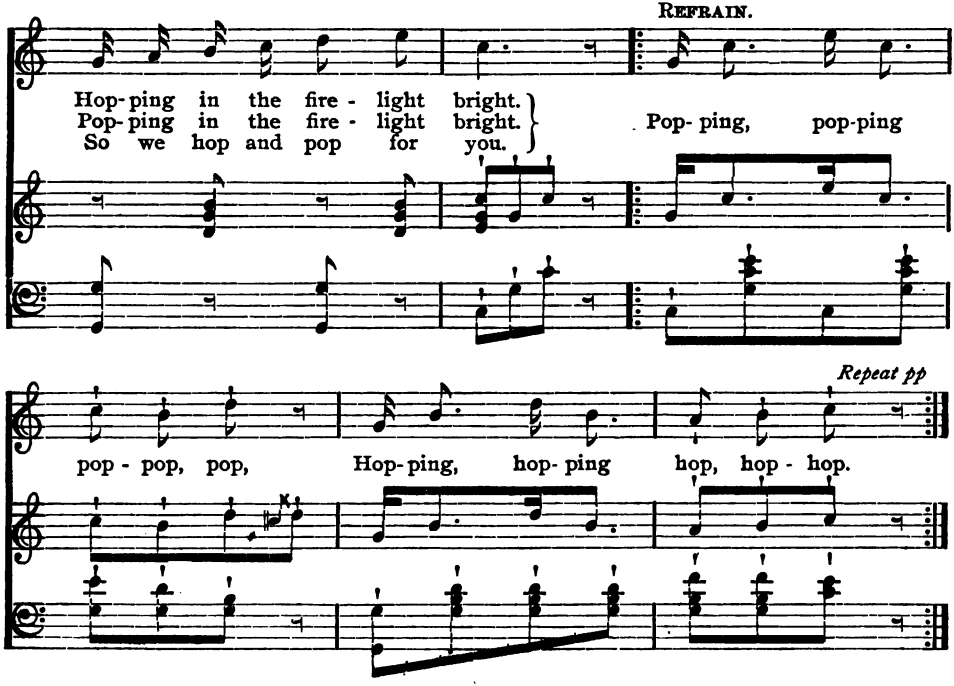
So off he went tho' he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by his fall
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes.
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is
Why he's bit off his own little nose."

THE POP CORN SONG.

MARY H. HOWLISTON.




REFRAIN.
Hop-ping in the fire - light bright.
Pop-ping in the fire - light bright.
So we hop and pop for you.
Pop- ping, pop-ping
Repeat pp
pop - pop, pop,
Hop-ping, hop- ping hop, hop - hop.

PIECES ARRANGED FOR CONCERT RECITATION.

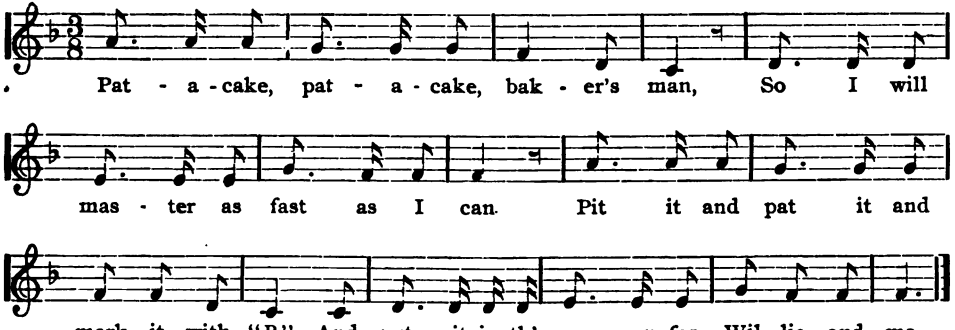
We'll all rise up together,
We'll clap our hands together,
  And show you how
  To make a bow;
And all turn round together.

We'll raise our arms together,
We'll let them fall together,
  And show what fun
  It is to drum;
And all sit down together.

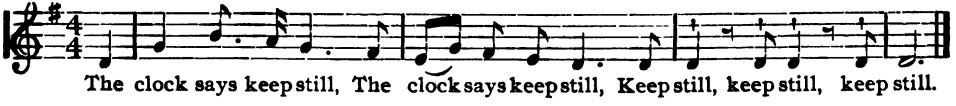
We'll fold our arms together,
We'll sit up straight together,
  Good children we
  All mean to be
Let's sing a song together,
"Pat-a-cake," &c.

For the beginning of the year, when the children require something easy to commit and perform. The words indicate the motions.

PAT-A-CAKE.



WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.



Not late! (*with smiles and hand clapping.*)
You're late! (*with frowns and finger pointing at tardy pupil.*)
Good night.
Good morning.
Be good.

SNOW-BALLS.

Look, boys, here's plenty of snow,
Just right to make balls I know!
  So come every one,
  We'll have lots of fun,
And see how far we can throw.

Gather as much as you can,
And press it hard with your hands!
  Pat it and roll it
  In order to make it
Round as any ball in the land.

We'll make that old snow-man just fly,
And knock his big hat sky high!
  Take good aim! be steady;
  Here's one to make ready,
A "Two" and a "three, four" to—fire!

EXPLANATION. The school-room considered a field of snow. A boy with a large hat on in front representing snow-man.

1st VERSE. Children turn to each other with gestures and looks of invitation.

2d VERSE. Gather imaginary snow from the floor, and press, pat and roll into snow-balls.

3rd VERSE. Point to snow-man, shut one eye, take aim with the other, stand motionless during pause between the words "to" and "fire"—and at the last word an emphatic throw at the snow-man who throws his hat high in the air.

Handkerchiefs rolled and thrown if the teacher thinks best.

HOW WE WASH OUR CLOTHES.

We wash out our clothes you know,
With soap and hot water. Ho! Ho!

Then rinse them with care you see
In water well-blued. He, He!

Then up on a line to dry,
They're fastened with clothes-pins. Hi, Hi!

Now sprinkled and folded away,
All ready for ironing next day.

The irons are hot, now, do your best,
We'll soon be through and then we can rest.

Children recite first stanza and follow it with imitation of rolling up sleeves, rubbing clothes on board and using soap. Using handkerchiefs or imaginary cloth and back of seat for board.

Follow 2d stanza with imitation of rinsing, turning wringer, etc.

After 3d stanza, clothes-pins, pole and line.

4th. Sprinkle and roll handkerchief and lay away in desk.

5th. Try iron, smooth, iron and fold. Finally hang on extended finger for clothes-bars.

WONDERFUL THINGS.

Oh! my arms they are wonderful things!
They can move up and down like wings;
They can go round and round without any sound;
I can fold them up and straighten them out;
Oh! my arms they are wonderful things!

And my hands are curious too!
And many things they can do:
They can catch and throw, I can clasp them—so!
And double them up into two little fists;
Oh! my hands they are wonderful things!

What can my legs do? Let me see!
They can swing from the hip, and bend at the knees;
They help me to step, to hop, and to jump;
Oh! my legs they are wonderful things'

(Suit the action to the words.)

A DRAWING LESSON.

A line going this way[1], one like it below[2],
With two others here and there[3][4],
Make the edges and corners, 1, 2, 3, 4[5]
Of the figure we call a square.

[6]With the fore-finger now of this right hand of mine,
[7]I go round and round with care;
No corners at all, and only one edge
Has my circle up in the air.

Watch me again for I'm going to make
A triangle with edges three.
[8]One line at the bottom[9], two meeting above,
Like toboggan slides—don't you see?

1. Draw the upper edge of a square.
2. Draw the lower edge of a square.
3. Draw the left edge of a square.
4. Draw the right edge of a square.
5. Touch the corners,
6. Raise forefinger of right hand.
7. Draw circle,
8. Draw base of triangle.
9. Draw edges of triangle. (The drawing done in the air.)

THE DOLL'S SCHOOL.

The dollies were lonesome one day,
For their mamma had gone away,
When the largest of all jumped up on a stool,
And said, "Listen! who wants to play school?"

"I do," "so do I," answered each of the rest.
"Well! I'll be the teacher, if you'll do your best;"
So they stood up before her in a nice little row
With their hands down beside them, looking just so!

"Hark! said the teacher. "First turn out your toes"
One man and two men are how many, who knows?
"I know," said Doll Dimple, "I know," Its three men."
"Very good," said the teacher, "Now who will count ten?"

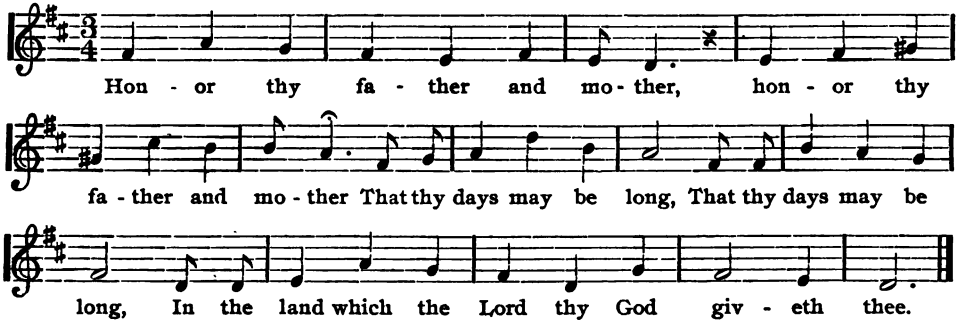
A fat little boy doll spoke out quickly then,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
"Well done, little boy," Do you know you've ten toes?"
But here comes a whisper from dear little Rose.

"I know somethin' better'n all the rest,
This is my right hand and this is my left,"
"Now its my turn." A large wax doll spoke now,
"East and West I can point. North and South I can bow."

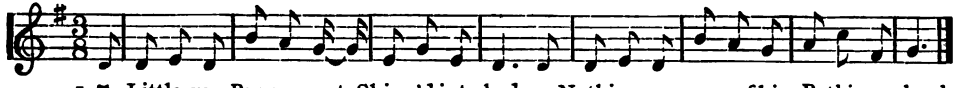
"Look!" said the teacher, "It's time for good-by,
But before we say it, let's a little song try:"

HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER.

H.



BUNNY-COAT.



1. Little gay Bunny-coat, Skipp'd into bed, Nothing was seen of him But his gray head.
2. Where was his bed think you? Where did he dream, You'll laugh when I tell you, So droll does it seem.
3. In little Ruth's pocket, In her apron so white, Little gray "Bunny coat" slept all the night.

GRANDPAPA.

Mrs. Craik.

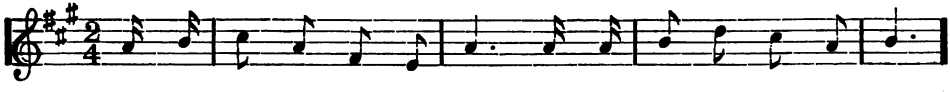
Grandpapa's hair is very white
  And grandpapa walks but slow;
He likes to sit still in his easy-chair
  While the children come and go.
"Hush, play quietly" says mamma,
Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa!

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,
  It has worked hard all his days:
A strong right hand and an honest hand,
  That has won all good men's praise.
"Kiss it tenderly" says mamma,
Let every one honor grandpapa!

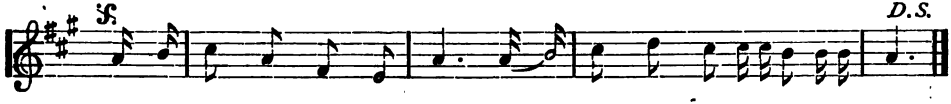
Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim,
  They have looked on sorrow and death:
But the love-light never went out of them,
  Nor the courage and the faith.
"You children, all of you" says mamma,
Have need to look up to dear grandpapa!

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
  But he leaves a blessing behind—
A good life lived, and a good fight fought,
  True heart and equal mind,
"Remember, my children" says mamma,
You bear the name of your grandpapa!

HOW THE CORN GROWS.



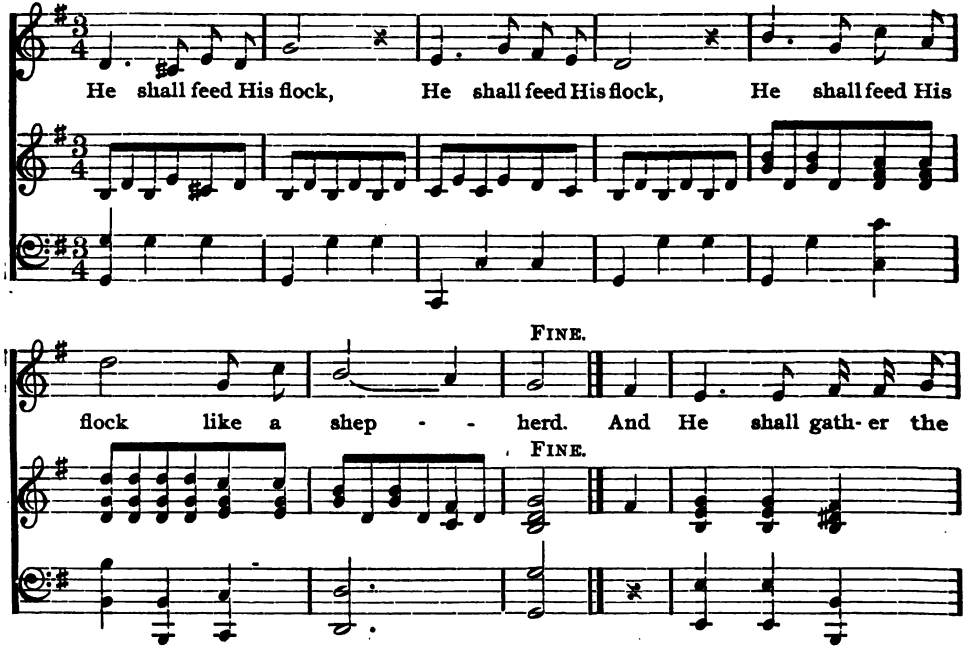
1. When the corn be - gins to sprout Two wee leaves come peeping out.
2. When the ears are long and thin, Pret - ty silk be - gins to spin.



When the leaves are fresh and green, Slender stalks shoot up be - tween.
When the pret - ty silk is spun, It turns the color of the sun.
D.S. When the sum - mer sun is gone It's time to gather the corn.

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

M. H. Howliston.



lambs, He shall gath- er the lambs, He shall gath- er the

Rit. - - - - - - - - - - *D.C.*

lambs in His bos - - om. In His bo - - som.

D.C.

FINGER PLAY.

E. C. R.

This is Dick's tent where he slept one night,
And found how mosquitoes could bite, bite, bite.

This is the church and the steeple too,
Where Dick goes on Sunday with sister Sue.

This is the hammock nice and new,
Where papa swings Dickey and sister Sue.

This is the cradle where Dolly can rock,
Like the good baby on the tree top.

These are the flowers in Dickey's bed,
See how the wind makes them bend their heads.

For 1st. Hands vertical. Tips of fingers united for "Dick's" tent.

2d. Forefingers and thumbs straight forming steeple and door. The other fingers interlocked and turned down between palms, middle knuckles making ridge of roof.

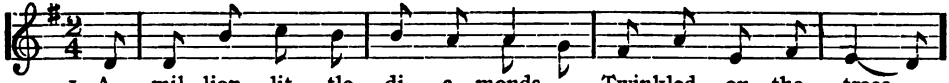
3d. Palms upward and hollowed much as possible. Fingers of right hand between those of the left, making hammock which sways back and forth during the reciting.

4th. Same position as for church, except that the little fingers are raised to form one end of cradle, and the middle fingers kept flat.

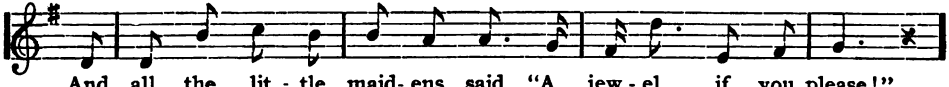
5th. Palms upward. Fingers intertwined and vertical. After the last line children blow in imitation of the wind and the fingers move.

WINTER JEWELS.

T.

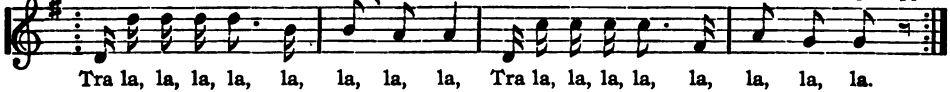


1. A mil - lion lit - tle di - a - monds Twinkled on the trees,
2. But while they held their hands outstretched To catch the diamonds gay,



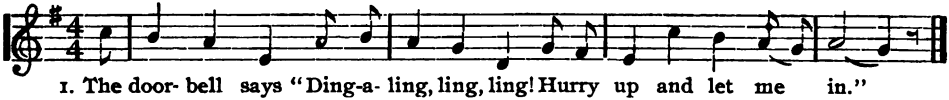
And all the lit - tle maid- ens said "A jew - el if you please!"
A mil - lion lit - tle sun-beams came And stole them all a - way.

REFRAIN. *Repeat pp*



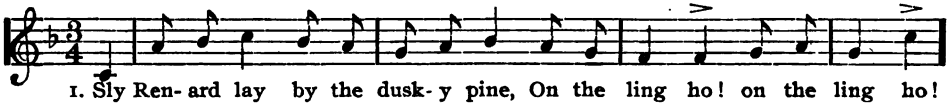
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

THE BELLS.

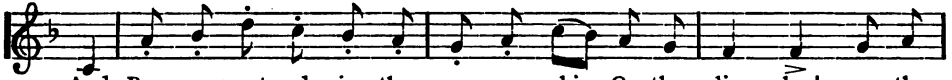


1. The door- bell says "Ding-a- ling, ling, ling! Hurry up and let me in."
2. The church-bell says "Boom-a-boom, bim, bim! Come to church its time to begin."
3. The sleigh-bell says "Jin-gle, jing, jing, jing! Ha! ha! ha! what fun we are having."
4. The tea - bell says "Tink-le, ting, ting, ting! Bread and milk for you are waiting."

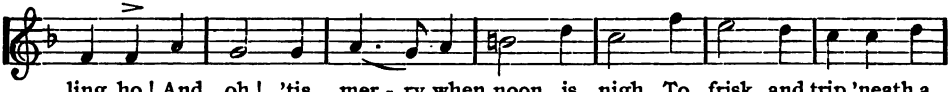
THE SLY FOX.



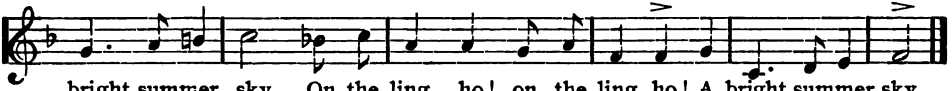
1. Sly Ren- ard lay by the dusk- y pine, On the ling ho! on the ling ho!
2. Sly Ren- ard laugh'd in the dusk- y pine, On the ling ho! on the ling ho!
3. Sly Ren- ard leap'd from the dusk- y pine, On the ling ho! on the ling ho!



And Bun- ny sport - ed in the sum- mer shine, On the ling ho! on the
And Bun- ny skipp'd a - bout so fair and fine, On the ling ho! on the
And snapp'd up Bun- ny in the sum- mer shine, On the ling ho! on the

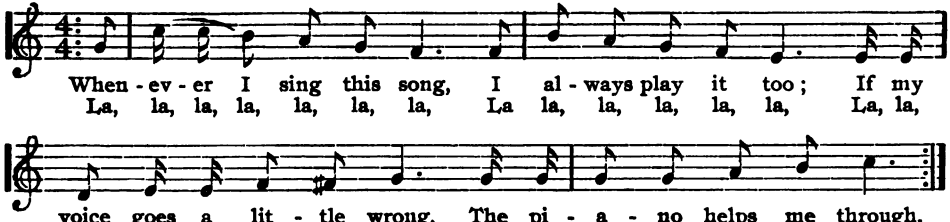


ling ho! And oh! 'tis mer - ry when noon is nigh, To frisk and trip 'neath a
ling ho! And oh! 'tis mer - ry to feast at ease, To spring and scamper where
ling ho! So pray heav'n stand by us all, say I, Who dance and sing 'neath the



bright summer sky, On the ling ho! on the ling ho! A bright summer sky.
no - bod - y sees, On the ling ho! on the ling ho! Where no-bod-y sees.
bright summer sky, On the ling ho! on the ling ho! The bright summer sky.

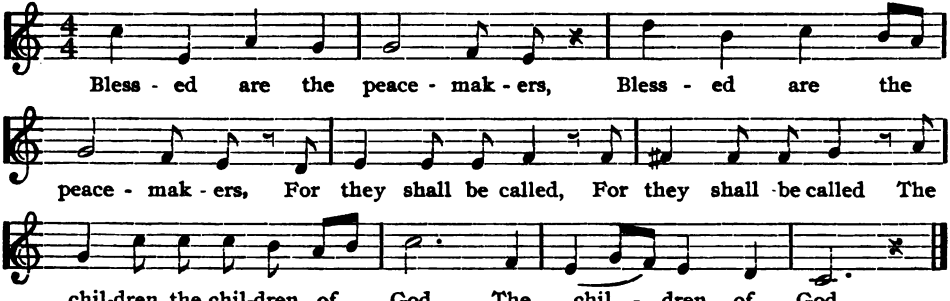
PLAYING THE PIANO.



Children use tops of desks for piano, and play while singing.

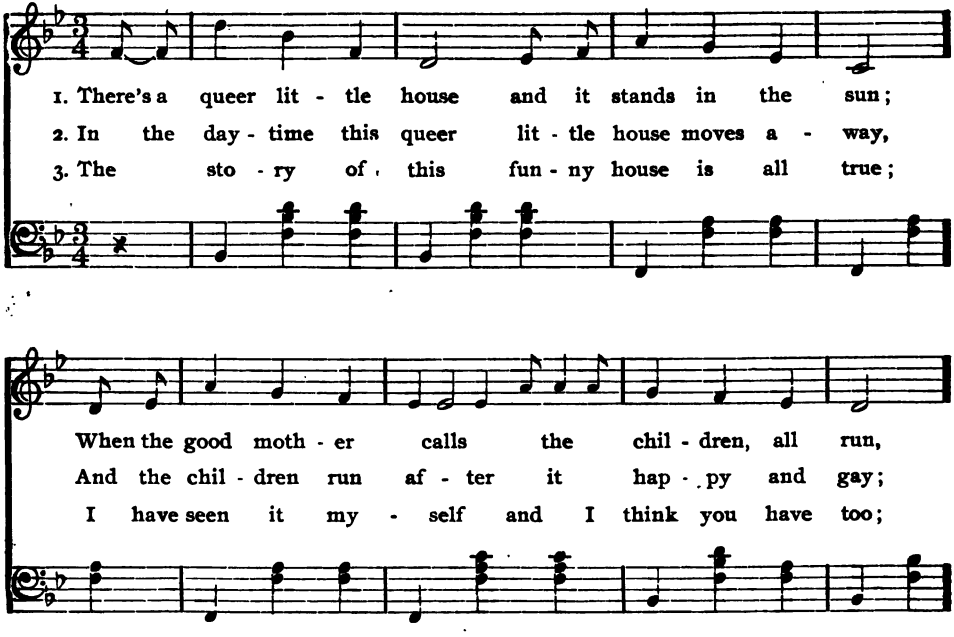
THE PEACEMAKERS.

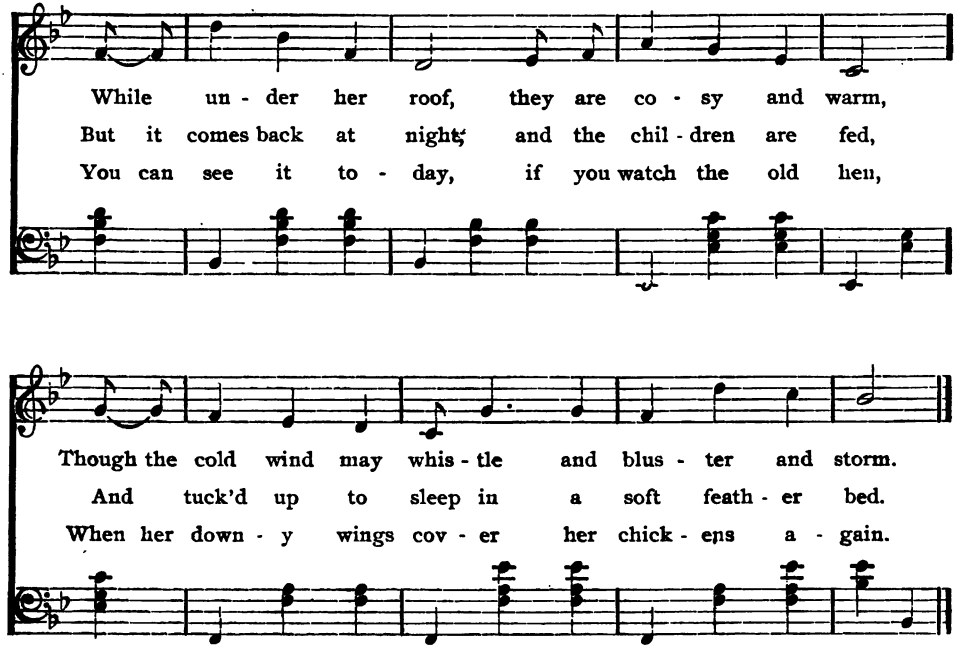
M. H. H.



A QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

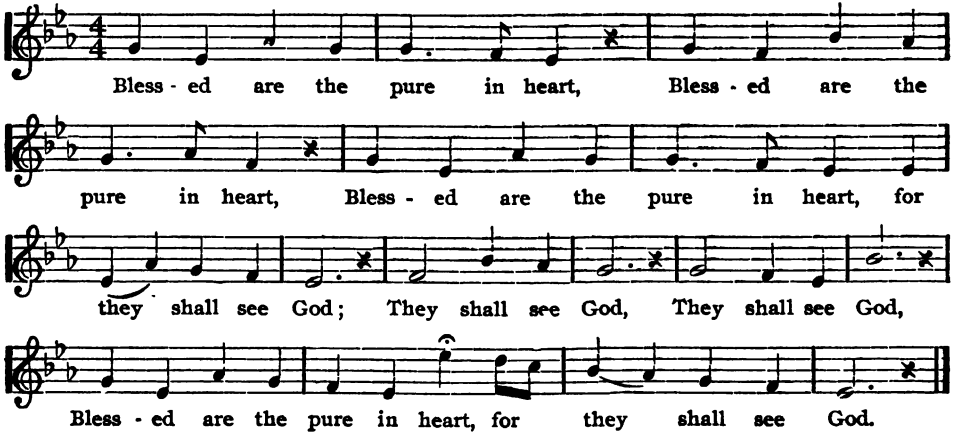
M. Collins.




While un - der her roof, they are co - sy and warm,
But it comes back at night, and the chil - dren are fed,
You can see it to - day, if you watch the old hen,
Though the cold wind may whis - tle and blus - ter and storm.
And tuck'd up to sleep in a soft feath - er bed.
When her down - y wings cov - er her chick - ens a - gain.

THE PURE IN HEART.

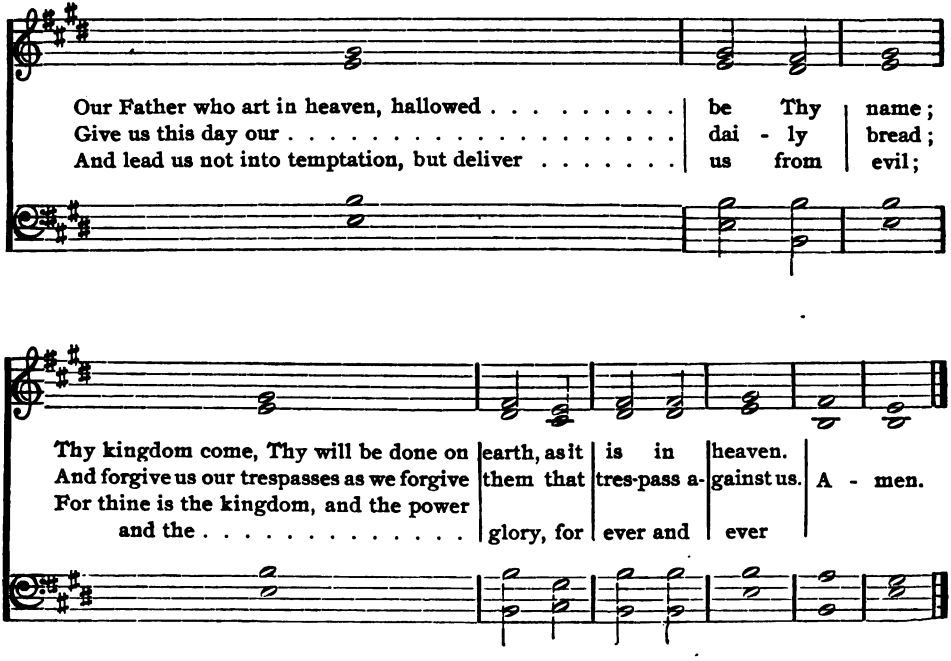
H.



The air for the wing of the sparrow,
  The nest for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
  And straight, for the children of men.

OUR FATHER, WHO ART HEAVEN.

TALLIS.



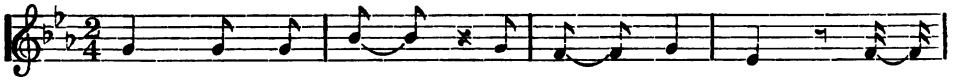
THE FAIRY ARTIST.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT. H.

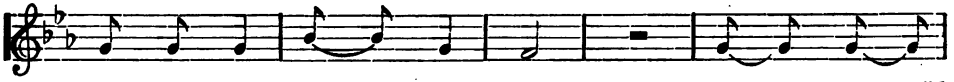
1. O there is a lit - tle ar - tist, Who paints in the cold, night hours;
2. ¶ Pict- ures of snow-white mountains, ¶ Touching the snow-white sky;
3. The moon is the lamp he paints by, His canvass the win - dow pane;

Pict-ures for wee wee chil - dren Of won-drous trees and flowers.
Pict-ures of dis - tant o - ceans, Where pig - my ships sail by.
His brush is the froz - en snow-flake, Jack Frost the ar- tist's name.

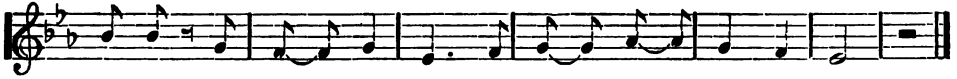
H. **OUR BABY.** M. H. H.



1. We have a ba - by at our house, A
2. Our ba - by's eyes are large and dark, And
3. Our ba - by has ten fun - ny pink toes, And
4. Our ba - by's name is Dai - sy Bell, How we



ba - by so cun - ning and smart, If you could
lit - tle soft rings of hair, Lay all
what do you think she's a - bout? Catch-ing them
love her we nev - er can tell, If you

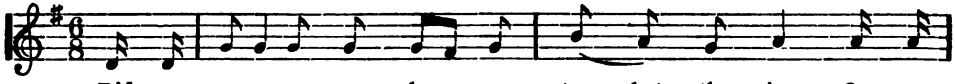


see her you'd sure - ly say, "O bless her lit - tle heart."
o - ver her lit- tle round head, And down on her fore- head fair.
up in her chub - by hands, And put-ting them in her mouth.
gave us a mine of gold, Our ba - by we would nev - er sell.

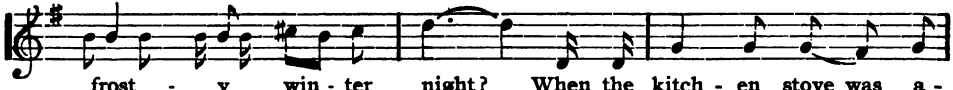
H.

THE TEA-KETTLE'S SONG.

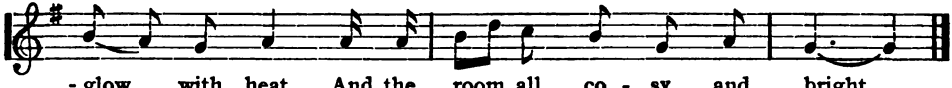
JOHN HANDEL.



1. Did you ev - er hear a tea - ket - tle sing, On a
2. Such a gur - gling, sweet, yet rol - lick - ing song, With the
3. "There is nev - er a place like home, sweet home," Out the
4. And the white steam floats a - way thro' the air While the



frost - y win - ter night? When the kitch - en stove was a -
cheer - i - est re - frain, While the lid goes bob - bing
tea - ket- tle sings quite plain, Then it hums and sput - ters a -
bub- bles keep danc- ing on Till the place seems full of the

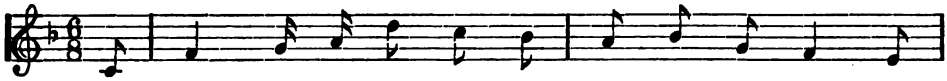


- glow with heat, And the room all co - sy and bright.
up and down, Keep-ing mer - ry time to the strain.
- noth - er tune, But the words are al - ways the same.
dear old words, And the hap - py tea - ket - tle's song.

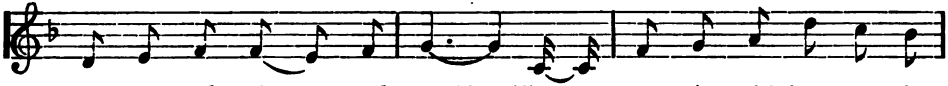
H.

THE PANSIES.

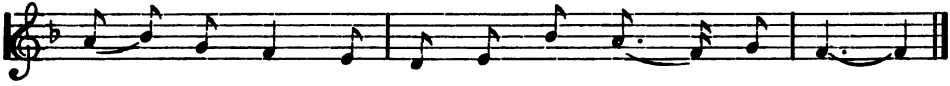
RUTH E. WILSON.



1. The dear lit - tle pan - sies are lift - ing their heads, All
2. The dear lit - tle pan - sies they nod and they smile, Their
3. Now all lit - tle chil - dren who try ev - 'ry - day, Kind



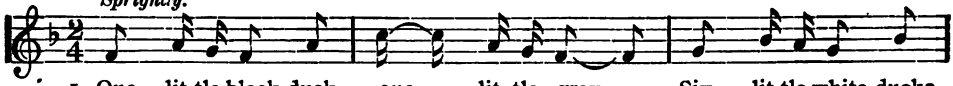
pur - ple and blue and gold, They are cov - 'ring with beau - ty the
fa - ces up - turn'd to the sky, "We are try - ing to make the world
heart - ed and lov - ing to be, Are help - ing the pan- sies to



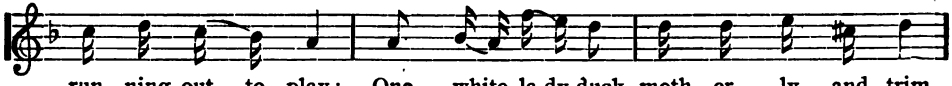
gar - den beds, And hid - ing from sight the dark mould.
pret - ty and bright," They whis - per to each pass - er by.
make the world bright, And beau - ti - ful; don't you see?

THE DUCKS

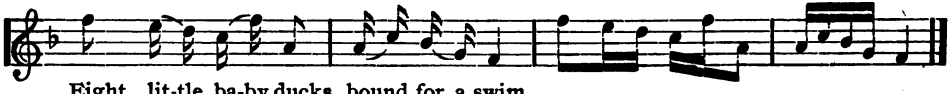
Sprightly.



1. One lit-tle black duck one lit-tle gray, Six lit-tle white ducks
2. One lit-tle white duck hold-ing up its wings, One lit-tle bobbing duck

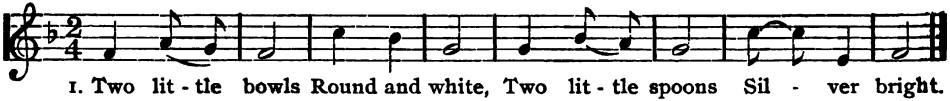


run-ning out to play; One white la-dy-duck, moth-er-ly and trim,
mak-ing wa-ter rings; One lit-tle black duck, turn-ing 'round his head,



Eight lit-tle ba-by ducks, bound for a swim.
One big black duck, guess he's gone to bed.

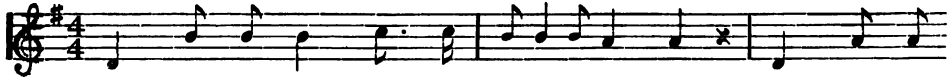
TWO LITTLE BOWLS.



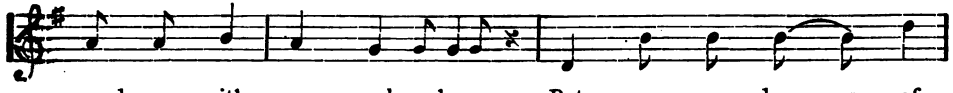
1. Two lit-tle bowls Round and white, Two lit-tle spoons Sil-ver bright.
2. Two lit-tle stools Side by side, Two lit-tle girls Moth-er's pride.
3. Gay as kits Plump as mice, Bread and milk Isn't it nice?
4. Bread and milk Moth-er's know, Is what makes Lit-tle girls grow.

GEO. COOPER.

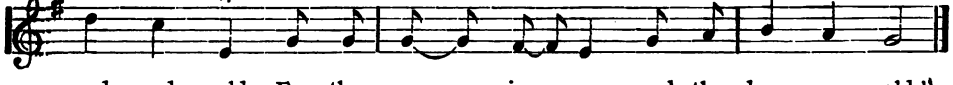
COME LITTLE LEAVES.



1. "Come, lit - tle leaves," said the wind one day, "O - ver the
2. Soon as the leaves heard the winds low call, Down they came
3. Danc - ing and whirl - ing the lit - tle leaves went, Win - ter had



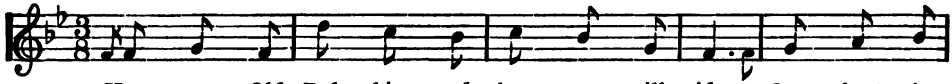
mead - ow with me and play. Put on your dress - es of
flut - ter - ing, one and all. O - ver the fields they
call'd them and they were con- tent. Soon fast a - sleep in their



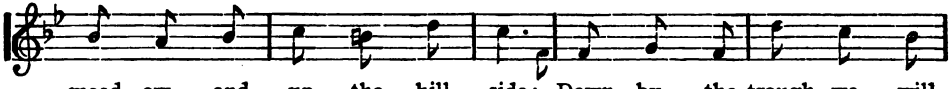
red and gold. For the sum- mer is gone and the days grow cold."
danc'd and flew, Sing- ing the soft lit - tle songs they knew.
earth - y bed, The snow laid a cov - er - let o'er their heads.

HARNESS OLD DOBBIN.

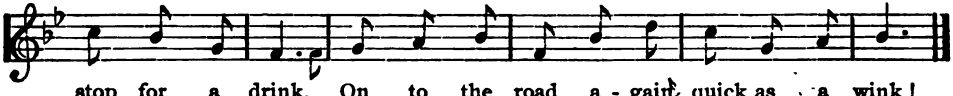
H. W. F. by per.



1. Har - ness Old Dob - bin and then we will ride Out thro' the
2. Old Dob-bin is trust - y, yet full of his fun, To give us a
3. Back thro' the or - chard, then up thro' the lane, In - to the



mead - ow and up the hill - side; Down by the trough we will
ride, when his day's work is done; He al - ways is read - y to
barn with his bur - den a - gain; When in his stall a - gain



stop for a drink, On to the road a - gain, quick as a wink!
can - ter a - way, So off we will go at the close of the day.
off we will slide, Thank you, Old Dob - bin, for let - ting us ride!

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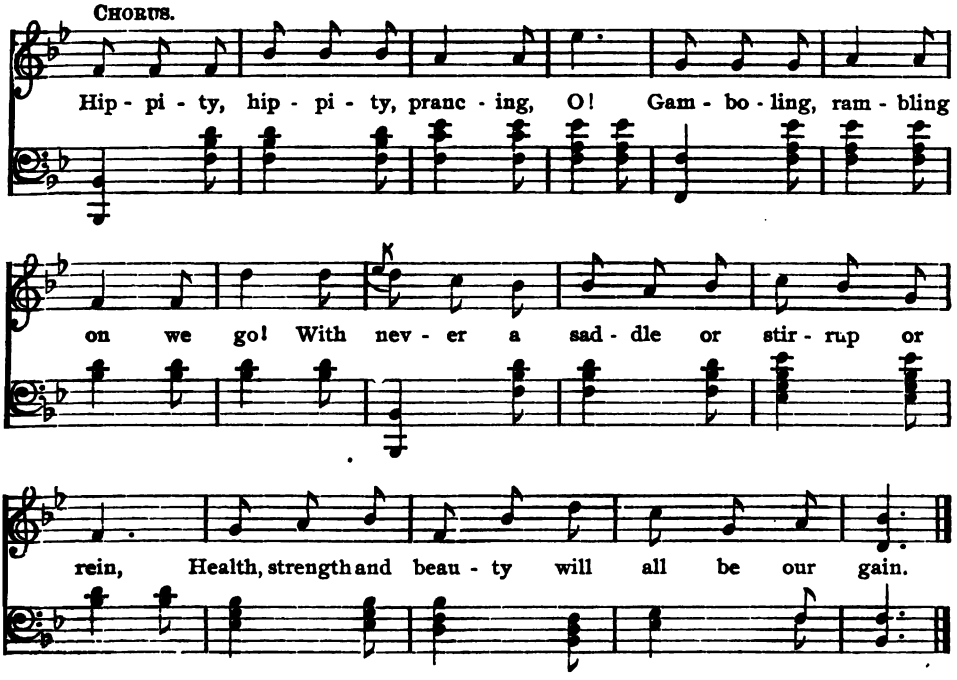
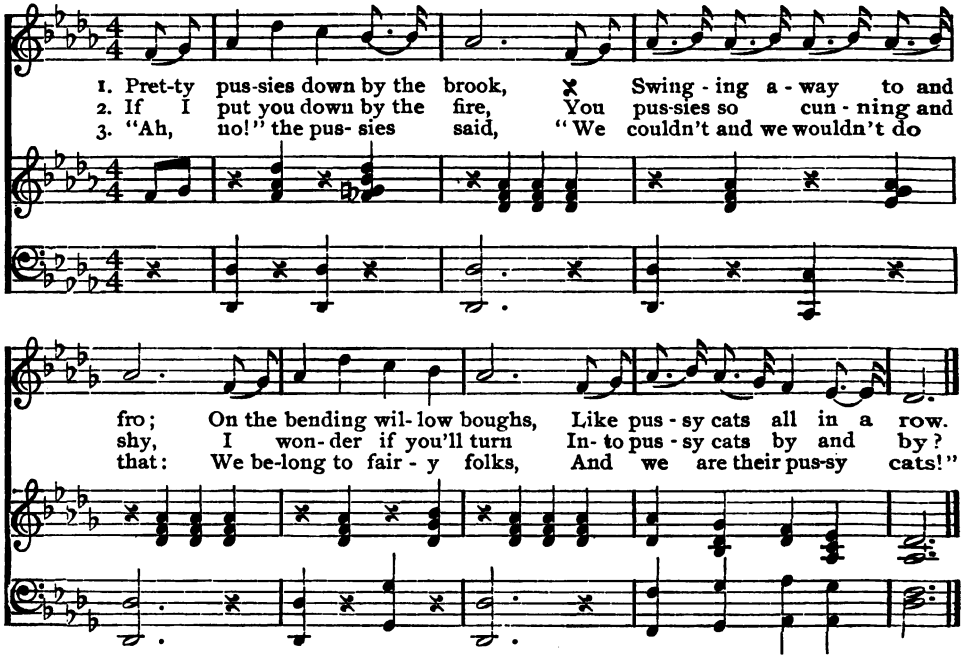

CHORUS.
Hip - pi - ty, hip - pi - ty, pranc - ing, O! Gam - bo - ling, ram - bling
on we go! With nev - er a sad - dle or stir - rup or
rein, Health, strength and beau - ty will all be our gain.

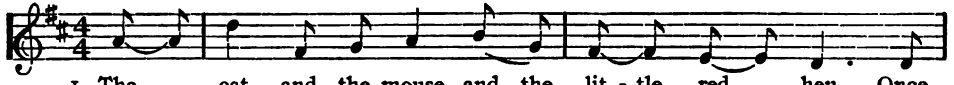
PUSSY WILLOWS.

M. H. H.

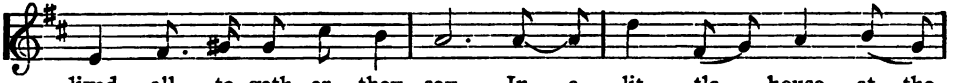


THE LITTLE RED HEN.

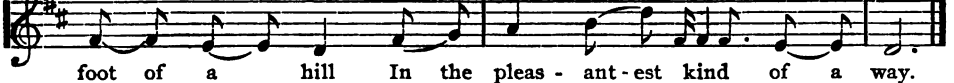
M. H. H.



1. The cat and the mouse and the lit - tle red hen, Once
2. When - ev - er they had a - ny work to do, To
3. So the cat and the mouse curled up by the fire, As
4. The cat and the mouse, they la - zi - er grew, And
5. Now which of the three, do you mean to be like, The



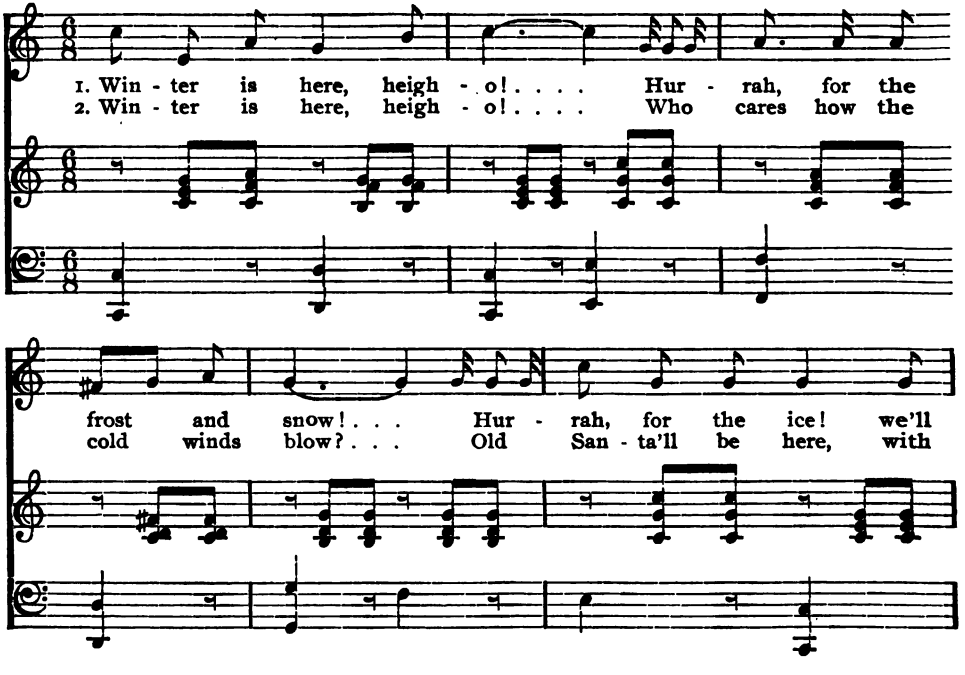
lived all to- geth - er they say, In a lit - tle house at the
bake, or to sweep, or to mend, "I can't!" said the cat, and "I
la - zy, as la - zy could be, But the good lit - tle hen, she went
stu - pid e-nough by and by, But the lit - tle red hen, grew
cat, or the mouse, or the hen? Do you wish to be idle and

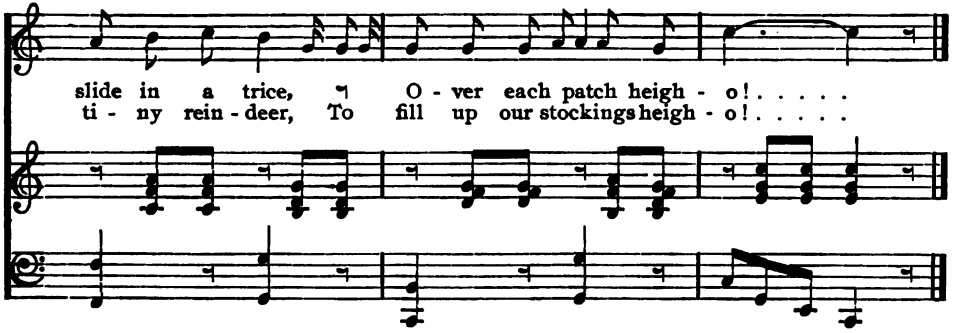


foot of a hill In the pleas - ant - est kind of a way.
can't!" said the mouse, But "I'll try!" said the lit - tle red hen.
bust - ling a - bout, Bus - y do - ing the work for all three.
wi - ser each day, By al - ways say - ing, "I'll try!"
stu - pid too, Or wise lit - tle women and men?

WINTER.

M. H. H.


1. Win - ter is here, heigh - o! . . . . Hur - rah, for the
2. Win - ter is here, heigh - o! . . . . Who cares how the
frost and snow! . . . Hur - rah, for the ice! we'll
cold winds blow? . . . Old San - ta'll be here, with

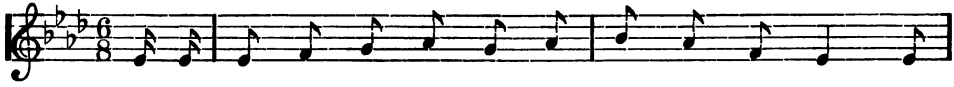


Winter is here, heigho!
We'll put on our warmest clothes,
  And with sleds, oh, so fine,
  The hills we will climb,
Then down to the bottom we'll go!

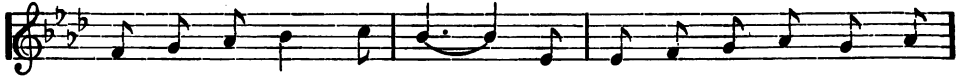
Winter is here, heigho!
But the frost and the ice and snow
  Are hard for the poor,
  So let us be sure,
To remember and help them, heigho!

MY KITTY.

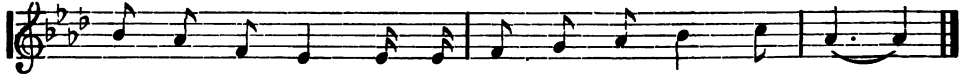
E. C. R.



1. There's a kit - ty I know and she lives at my house, Her
2. Now so brim - ful of mis - chief is this lit - tle kit, She'll
3. Ver - y use - ful is this pret - ty kit - ty of mine, She'll



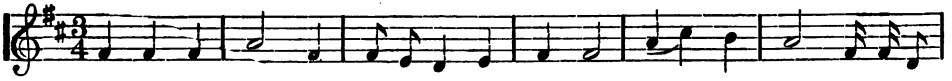
fur is as soft as silk, She's plump and she's glos - sy, be -
find a - ny ball of yarn, And soil it, or snarl it, or
catch e'en the small - est mouse, That tries in the pan - try to



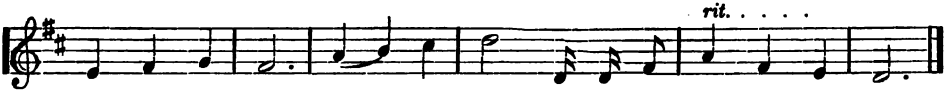
- cause ev - 'ry day She has plen - ty of good rich milk.
lose it, per - haps, Yet I'm sure that she means, no harm.
nib - ble the cheese, Or who ven - tures with - in my house.

LIKE AS A FATHER.

E. C. R.



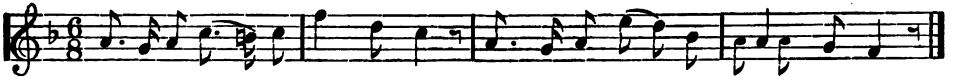
Like as a fa - ther pit- i- eth his chil-dren, So the Lord pit- i- eth



them that fear Him. So the Lord, pit - i - eth them that fear Him.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

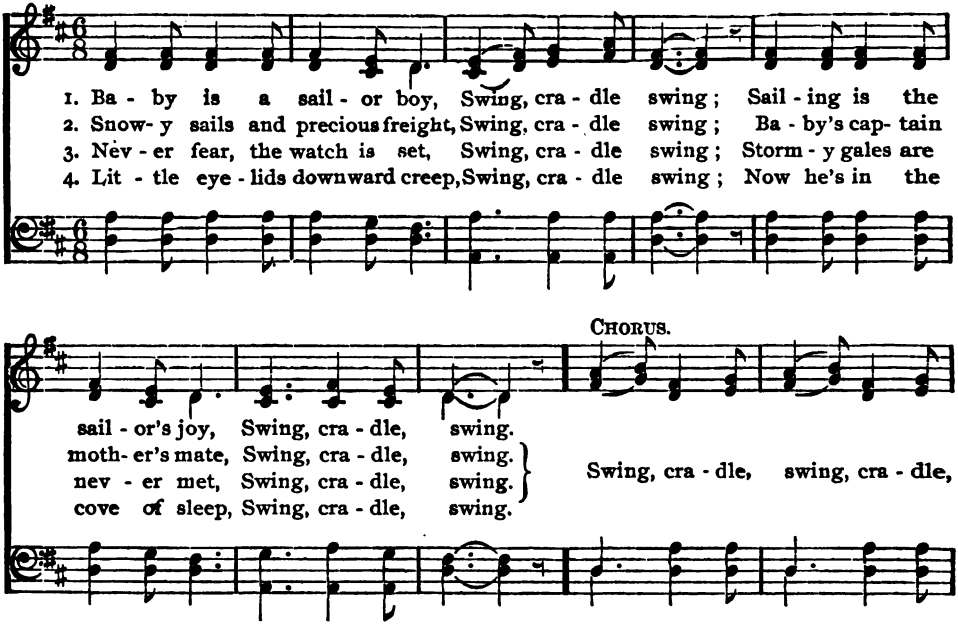
GEO. MCDONALD.

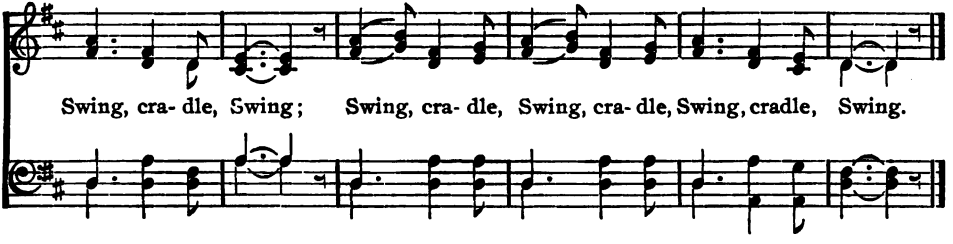


1. Where did you come from ba- by dear? Out of the ev-'ry-where in - to here.
2. Where did you get your eyes so blue? Out of the sky, as I came through.
3. Where did you get that pret - ty ear? God spoke and it came out to hear.
4. How did they all come just to be you? God thought of me and so I grew.
5. How did you come to us you dear? God thought of you and so I am here.

SWING, CRADLE, SWING.

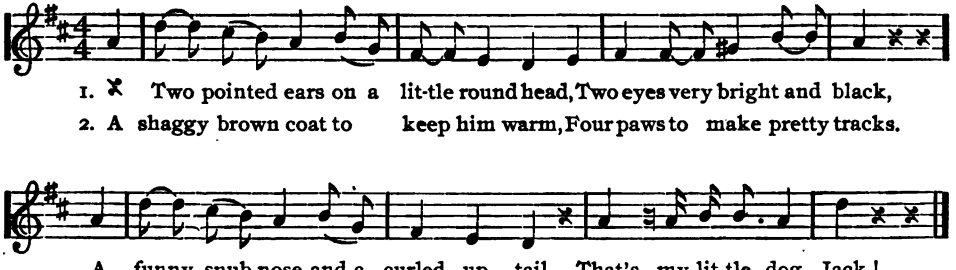
GEO. COOPER.





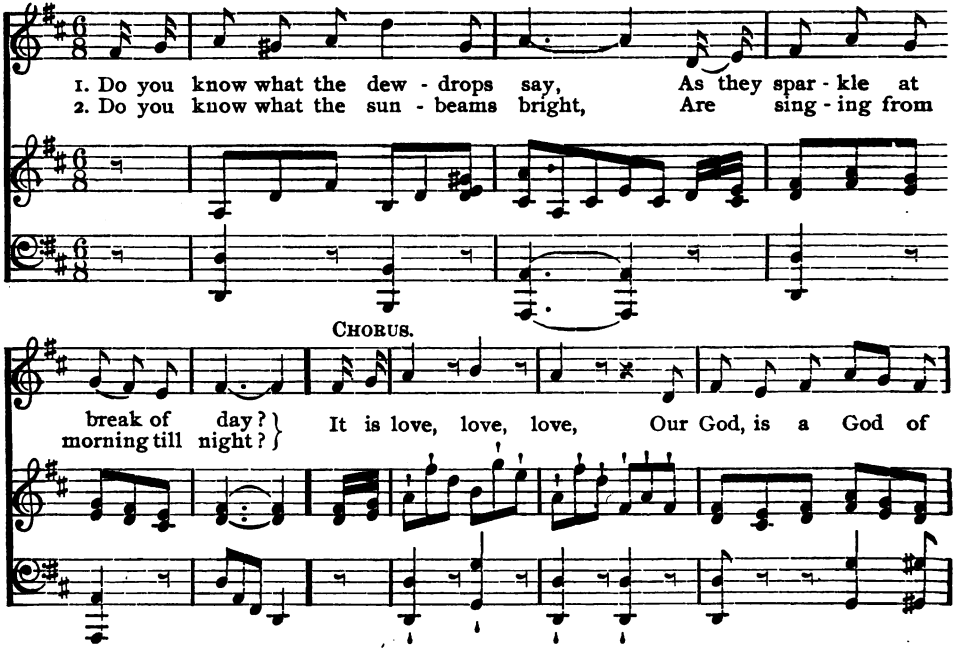
JACK.

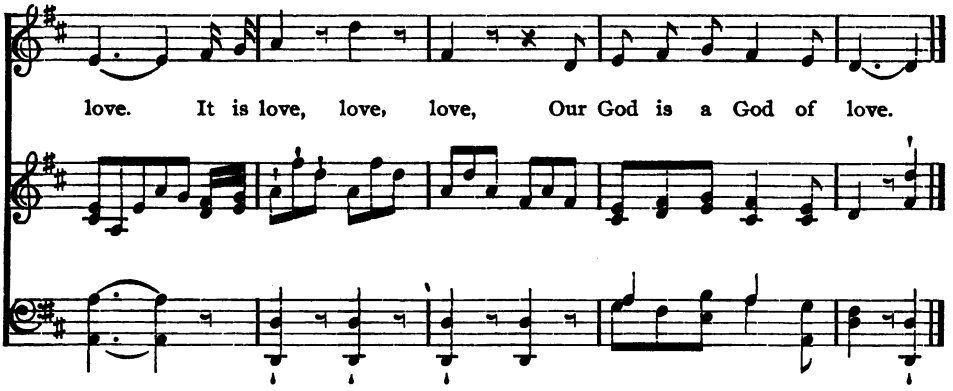
RUTH E. WILSON.



GOD IS LOVE.

M. H. Howliston.



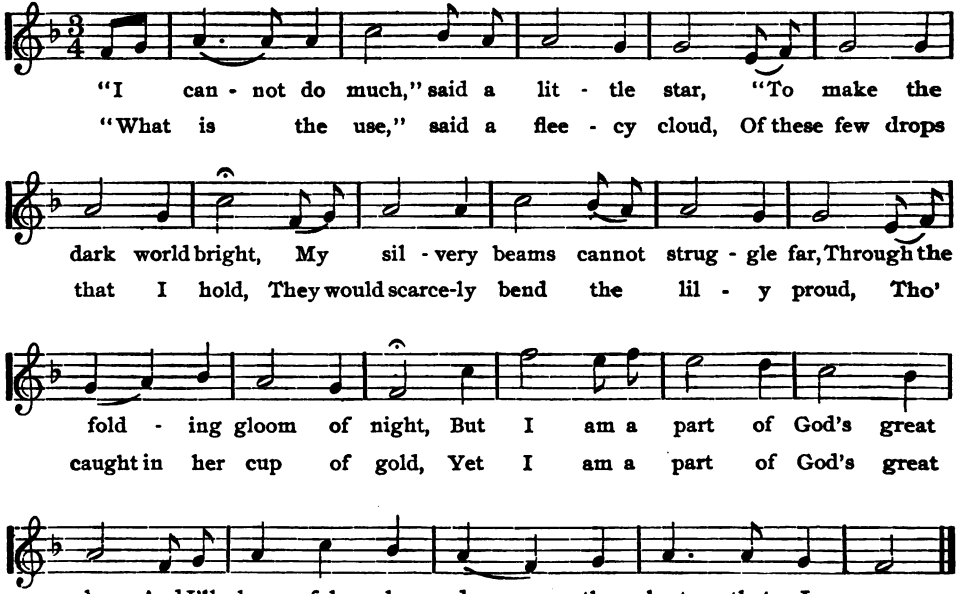


Do you know what the soft rain tells,
As it tinkles like fairy bells?
CHORUS.

Do you know what the winds proclaim,
As they rustle the golden grain?
CHORUS.

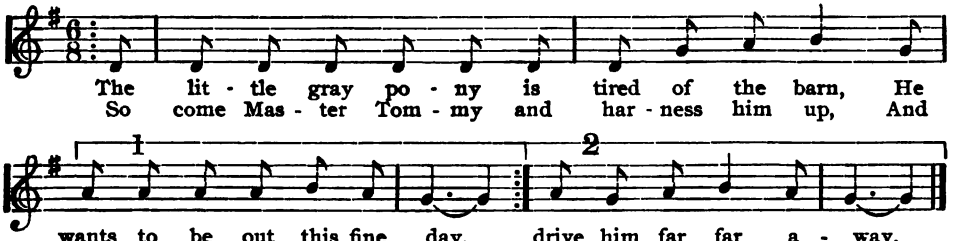
THE BEST THAT I CAN.

H.



GRAY PONY.

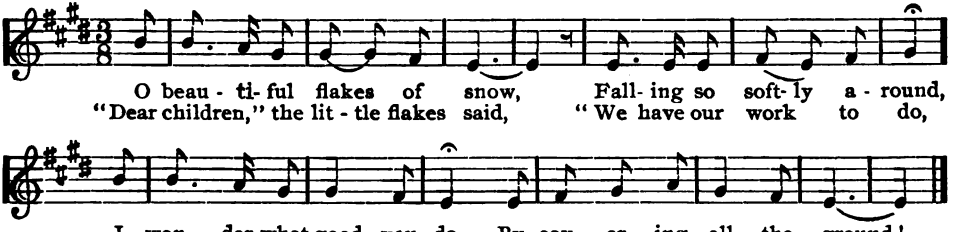
Arr. from an Old Air.



A ring of children forming a barn in which is a child for the gray pony. At the words "Come, master Tommy!" a second child comes with harness, takes the pony out, and drives him around the room. The pony, on returning, must tell something he saw through one of the windows in passing.

BEAUTIFUL FLAKES OF SNOW.

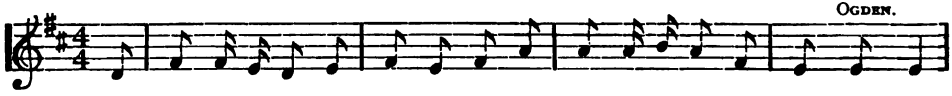
H.



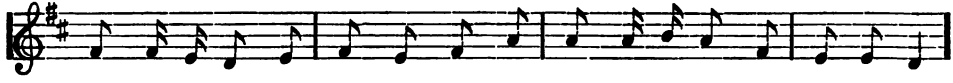
TWO LITTLE HANDS.

From "Primary Songs" by per. of D. C. Cook.

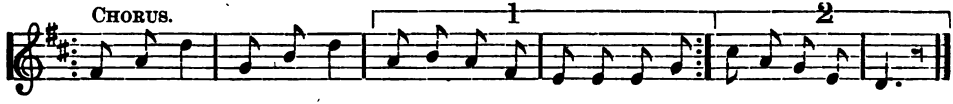
Ogden.



1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je - sus, One little tongue His praise to tell;
2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway, Up to the heav'nly courts a - bove;
3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit-tle soul for Him to save;

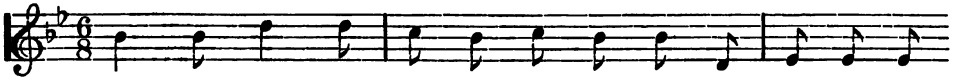


Two lit- tle ears to hear His coun- sel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit- tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell- ing of Je - sus' wondrous love.
One lit- tle life for His dear ser - vice, One lit - tle self that He must have.

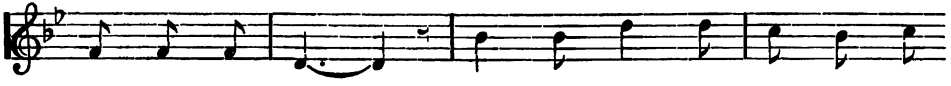


Lord we come, Lord we come, In our childhood's early morning. Come to learn of Thee.

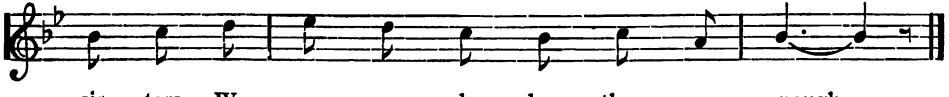
SHAN'T AND WON'T, TRY AND WILL.



1. Shan't and Won't are two lit - tle broth - ers, So an - gry and
2. Shan't and Won't are back-ward and stu - pid, 'Tis lit - tle in -
3. Shan't and Won't love noth - ing, no, noth - ing, So much as to

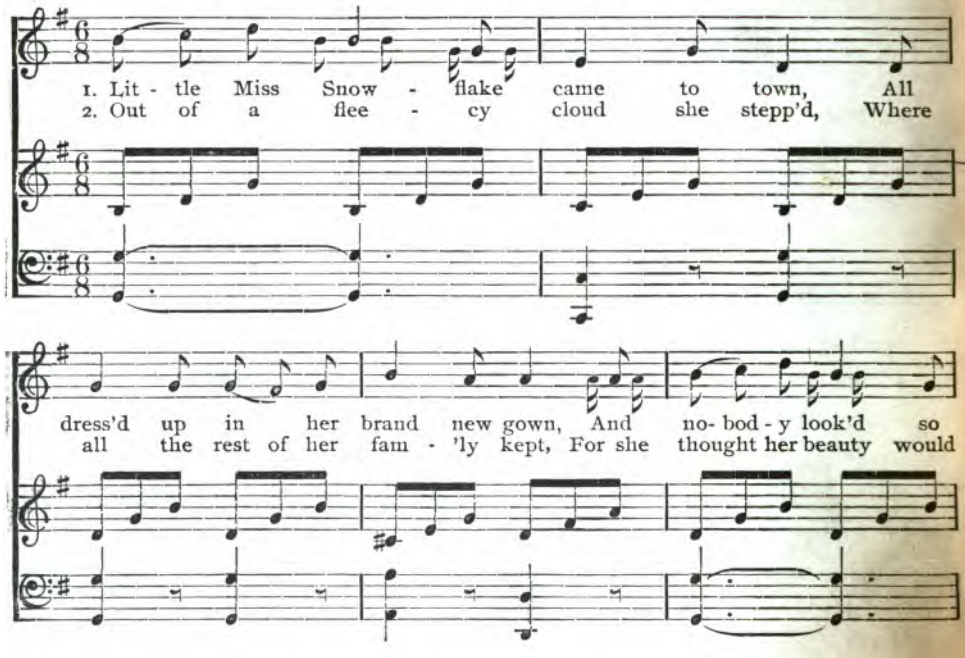


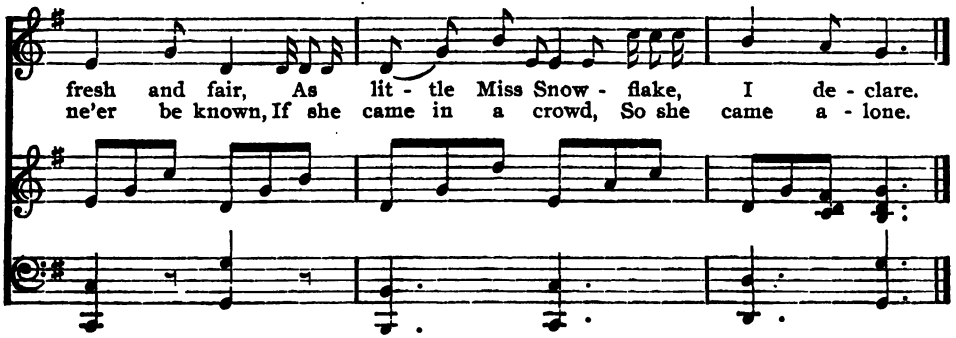
sul - len and gruff; Try and Will are two lit - tle
- deed that they know; Try and Will learn some - thing new
have their own way, Try and Will give up to their



sis - ters, We can scarce - ly love them e - nough.
dai - ly, And sel - dom are heed - less and slow.
eld - ers, And grow in good - will ev - 'ry day.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **LITTLE MISS SNOW-FLAKE.** T. MARTIN TOWNE.



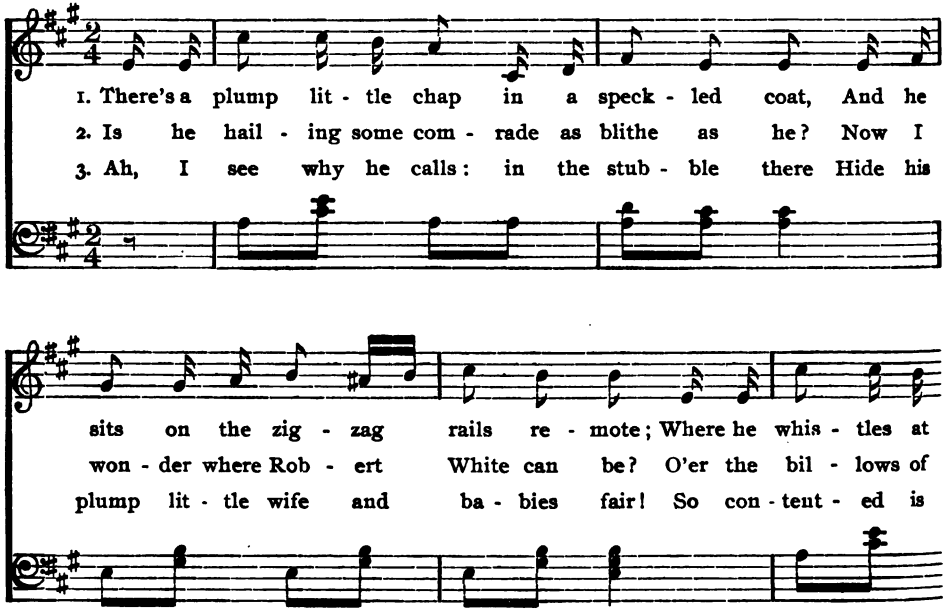


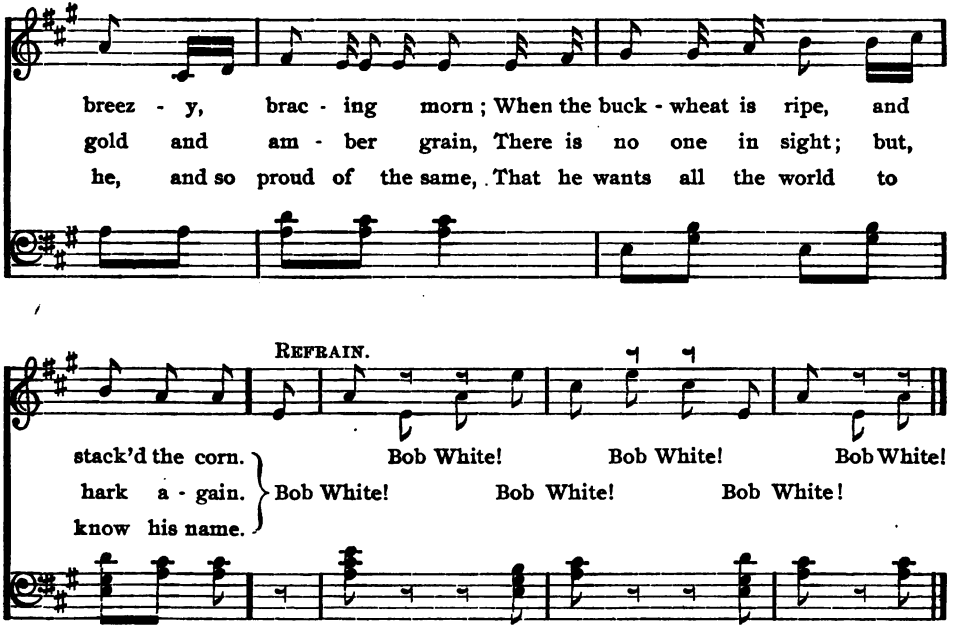
All alone from the great blue sky,
Where cloudy vessels went scudding by;
All the way from the bright abode,
Down to the dust of a country road.

There she rested all out of breath,
And there she speedily met her death.
And nobody could exactly tell
The spot where little Miss Snow-flake fell.

BOB WHITE.

GEO. COOPER. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

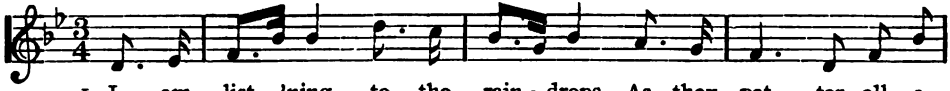




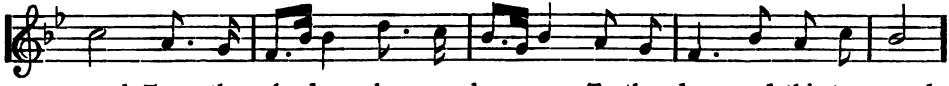
Have a single voice sing the small notes as an echo to "Bob White."

I AM LISTENING.

W. S. MARSH

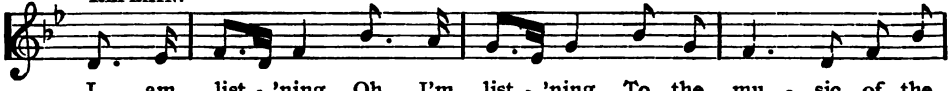


1. I am list - 'ning to the rain - drops, As they pat - ter all a -
2. As I list - en I am think - ing, Wise and good our God must

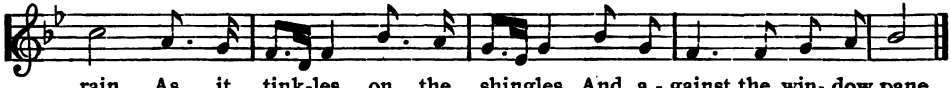


- round, From the cloud-y sky a - bove us, To the dry and thirsty ground.
be, For He makes the ti - ny raindrops, And He cares for you and me.

REFRAIN.



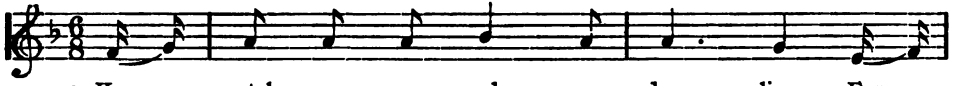
I am list - 'ning, Oh, I'm list - 'ning, To the mu - sic of the



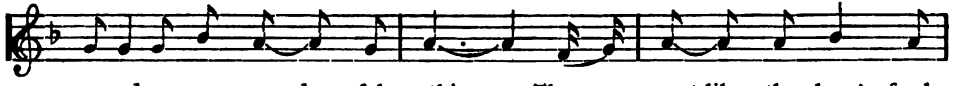
rain, As it tink-les on the shingles And a - gainst the win- dow pane.

Music from "Songs of the Cross." by permission.

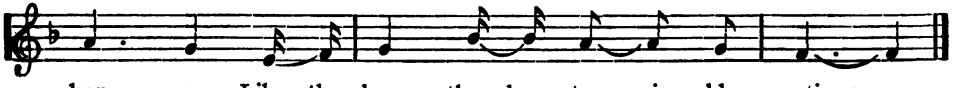
WATCH YOUR WORDS.



1. Keep a watch on your words, my dar - lings, For
2. Keep them back if they're cold and cru - el, Un - der
3. May peace guide your lives, and ev - er From this



words are won- der - ful things; They are sweet like the bees' fresh
bar and lock and seal, The wounds they make my
time of your ear - ly youth, May the words that you dai - ly

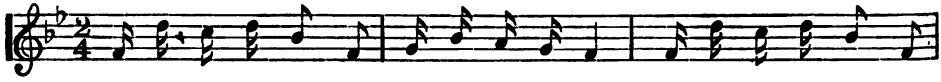


hon - ey, Like the bees they have ter - ri - ble stings.
dar - lings, Are al - ways hard to heal.
ut - ter, Be the beau - ti - ful words of truth.

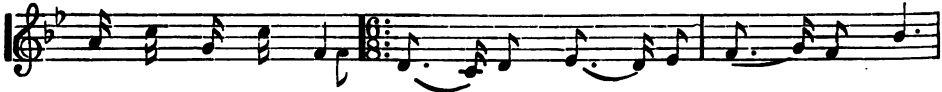
Arrange a tableau of an old lady in cap and spectacles, knitting in an easy-chair with two or three little children at her feet with books and toys, looking up into her face while she gives them the advice of the poem; the school singing softly.

MERRY LITTLE SUN-BEAMS.

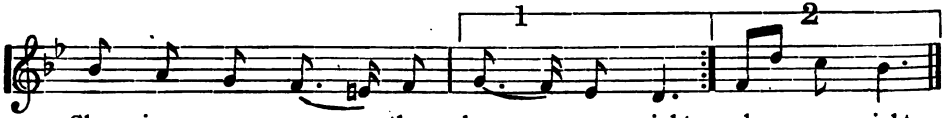
H.



1. Mer- ry lit - tle sun-beams, Flitting here and there, Joy- ous lit - tle sun- beams
2. Kind words are like sun-beams, Sparkling as they fall, Lov-ing smiles are sun- beams



Danc- ing ev - 'ry - where; Come they with the morn - ing light,
Light of joy to all; In sor - rows eye they dry the tear.

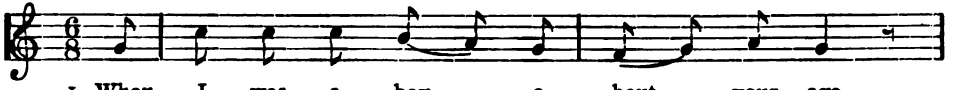


Chas - ing a - way the gloom - - y night. gloom - y night.
Bring - ing the faint - ing heart good cheer. heart good cheer.

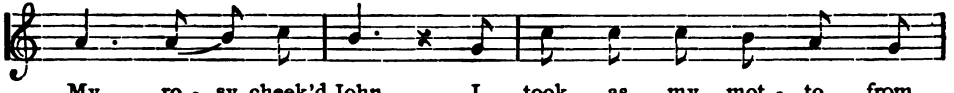
Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

PUSHING ON.

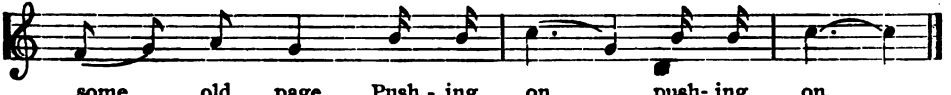
M. VILLA.



1. When I was a boy a - bout your age,
2. At work or at play, at home or at school,
3. I push'd out of boy, I push'd in - to man,
4. When - ev - er an ob - sta - cle in my path - way,



My ro - sy cheek'd John, I took as my mot - to from
Think of it John, At books or at play - things 'twas
That I did John, I push'd out of "can't" and I
And ma - ny did John, I push'd and I push'd till I



some old page, Push - ing on, . . push- ing on. . .
ev - er the rule, Push - ing on, . . push- ing on. . .
push'd in - to "can," Push - ing on, . . push- ing on. . .
push'd it a - way, Push - ing on, . . push- ing on. . .

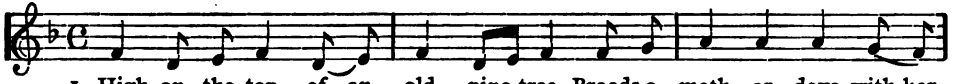
SLEEP! BABY, SLEEP!

Andantino.

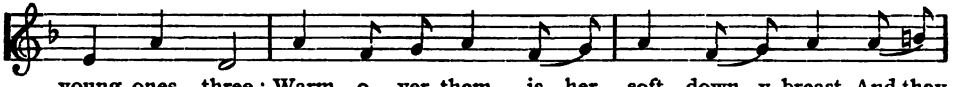
1. Sleep! ba- by, sleep! Thy fa-ther watches his sheep, Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree, And down falls a lit - tle dream on thee! Sleep! ba - by, sleep!
2. Sleep! ba- by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit- tle stars are the lambs, I guess, And the bright moon is the shep-herd-ess. Sleep! ba - by, sleep!
3. Sleep! ba- by, sleep! Thy Sav-iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb from heav'n on high, Who for our sakes came down to die. Sleep! ba - by, sleep!

THE LITTLE DOVES.

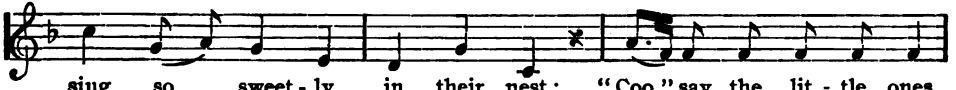
Rev. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS.



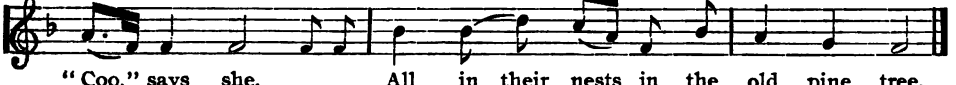
1. High on the top of an old pine tree, Broods a moth - er dove with her
2. When in the nest they are left a - lone, While their moth-er seek - ing
3. Fast grow the young ones day and night, Till their wings are plumed for a



young ones, three: Warm o - ver them, is her soft down - y breast, And they
food, has flown, Qui - et and gen - tle they all re- main, Till their
long - er flight, Till un - to them the day draws nigh, The



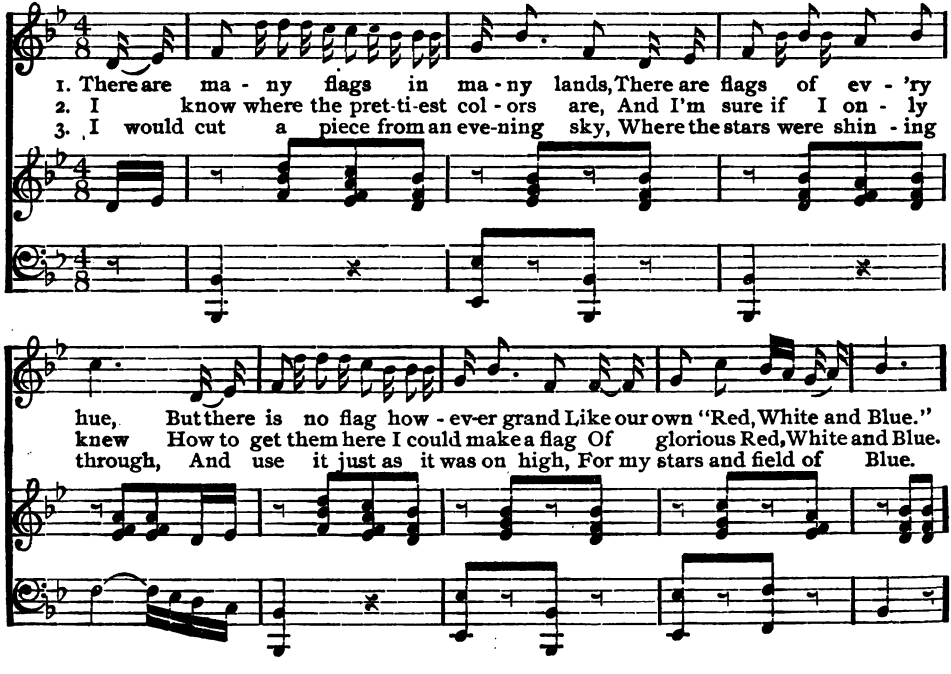
sing so sweet - ly in their nest: "Coo," say the lit - tle ones,
moth - er they see come home a - gain; "Coo," say the lit - tle ones,
time when they all must say "Good bye!" "Coo," say the lit - tle ones,



"Coo," says she. All in their nests in the old pine tree.
"Coo," says she. All in their nests in the old pine tree.
"Coo," says she, And a - way they fly from the old pine tree.

HURRAH FOR THE FLAG!

M. H. Howliston.



CHORUS.

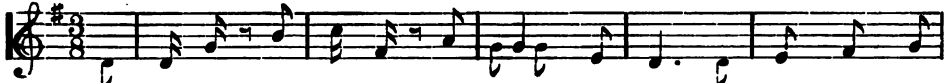
Then hur - rah, for the flag! Our Coun - try's flag, It's stripes, and white stars too; There is no flag in a- ny land, Like our own Red, White and Blue!

4 Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright;
And put them together side by side,
For my stripes of Red and White.
Wave small flags in singing Cho.

5 We shall always love the stars and stripes,
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White and Blue.

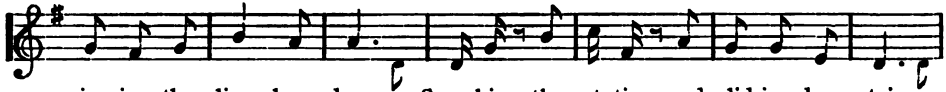
HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

H.



1. Hap- py - Go - Luck-y is al - ways gay, Laugh- ing and

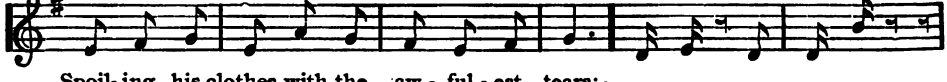
2. He falls in the wa - ter, and swims like a duck, He nev - er is



sing-ing the live - long day, Searching the at- tic, and slid-ing down stairs,

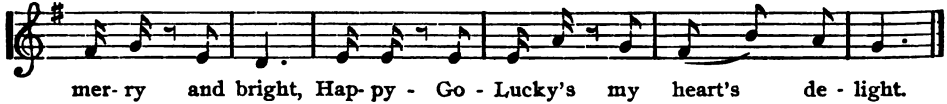
hurt for it isn't his luck. He climbs and he tum-bles, he's up with a grin, For

CHORUS.



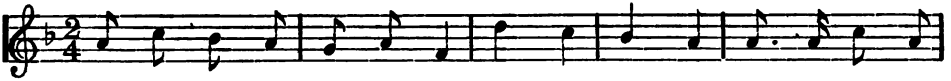
Spoil- ing his clothes with the aw - ful - est tears: } Hap-py - Go - Luck- y,

bumps and for bruis- es, he cares not a pin.

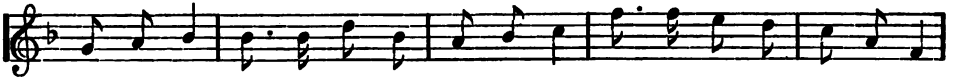


mer- ry and bright, Hap- py - Go - Lucky's my heart's de - light.

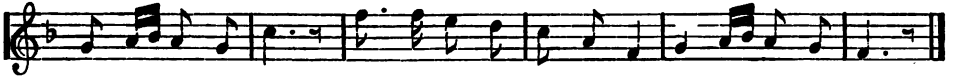
WHERE THEY GO.



1. Where do all the dai - sies go? I know, I know, Un - der-neath the
2. Where do all the bird - ies go? I know, I know, Far a - way from
3. Where do all the ba - bies go? I know, I know, In the glanc- ing



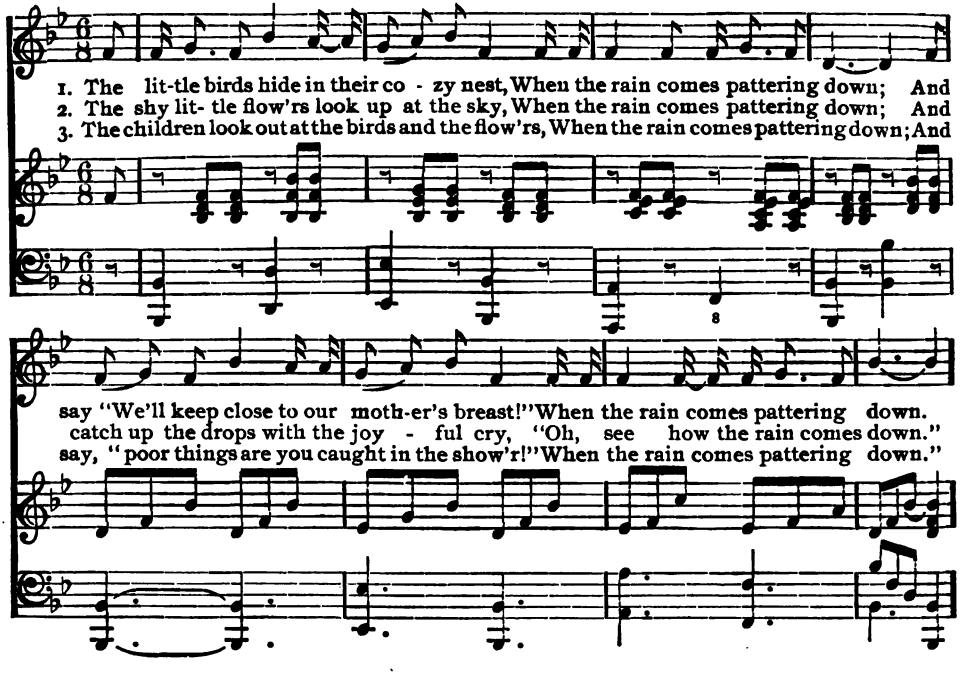
snow they creep, Nod their lit - tle heads and sleep; In the spring-time out they peep:
win - ter snow, To the fair, warm South they go, There they stay till dai-sies blow:
fire-light warm, Safe - ly shel-ter'd from all harm, Soft they lie on mother's arm,

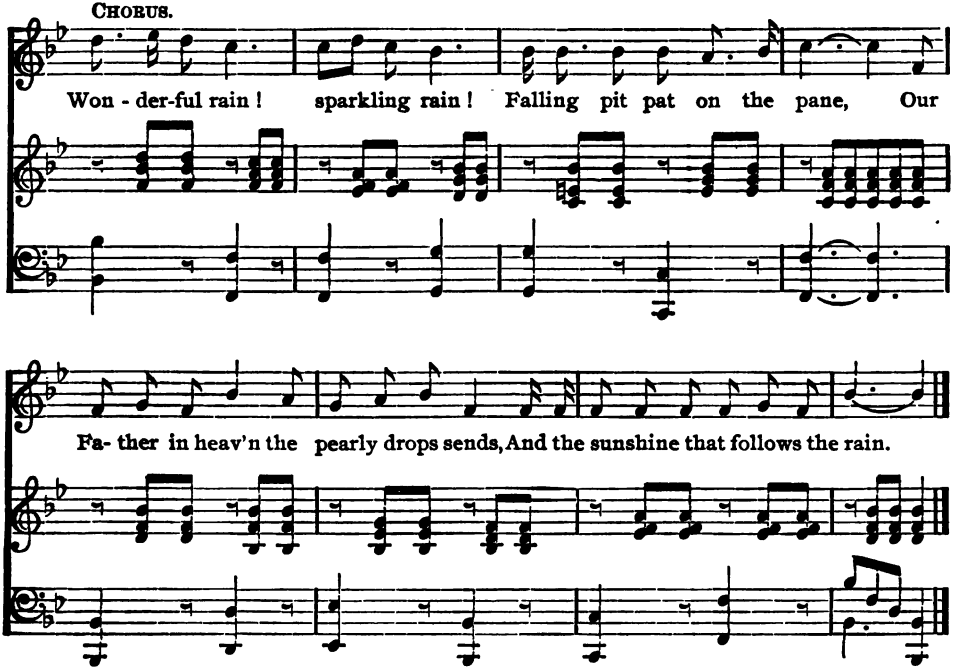


That is where they go. In the springtime out they peep: That is where they go.
That is where they go. There they stay till dai-sies blow: That is where they go.
That is where they go. Soft they lie on mother's arm: That is where they go.

WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN.

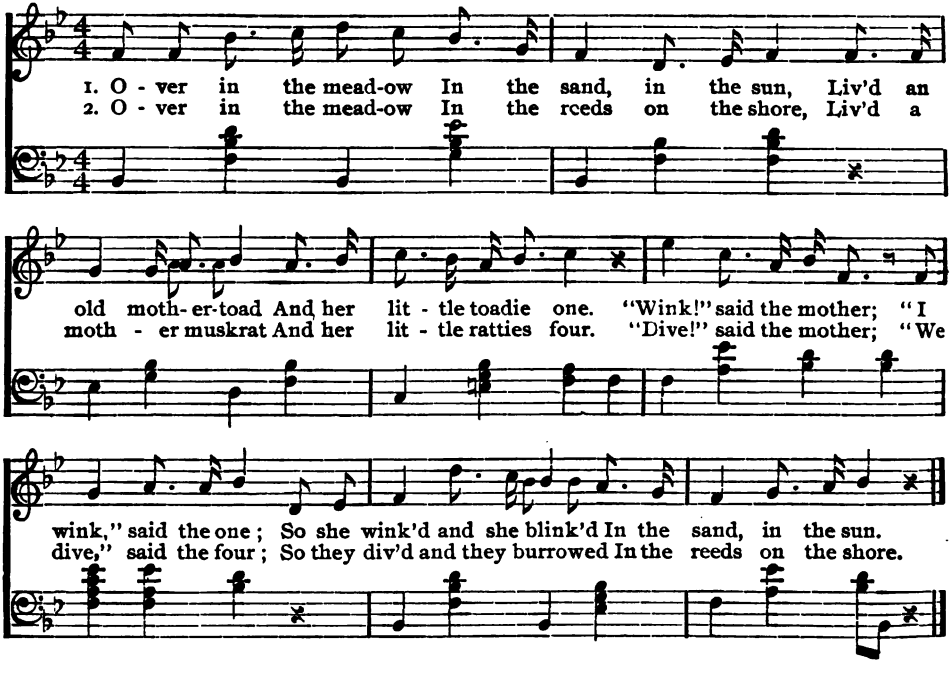
MARY H. HOWLISTON.



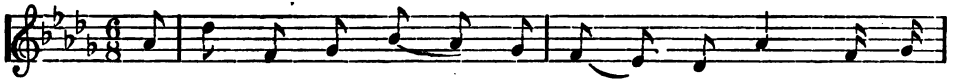

CHORUS.
Won - der-ful rain ! sparkling rain ! Falling pit pat on the pane, Our
Fa- ther in heav'n the pearly drops sends, And the sunshine that follows the rain.

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

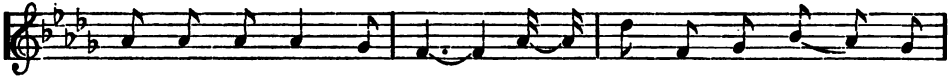
JOHN HANDLE.



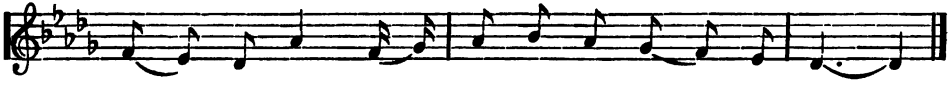
H. **THE DAISIES.** H.



1. The dai - sies were stand- ing so grace - ful and tall, In the
2. The dai - sies were sing - ing a sweet lit - tle song, As they
3. "There's some-thing for ev - - 'ry thing to do, In this
4. "And we lit - tle dai - sies are do - ing our part, As the



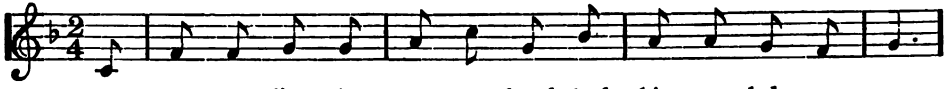
glow of the sun - light bright. Like good lit - tle girl - ies in
wav'd in the morn - ing breeze. And a but - ter - fly hov-'ring a -
beau - ti - ful world of ours. There is some work for ev - - 'ry
sum - mer days glide a - long. And we think for all girl - ies 'twould



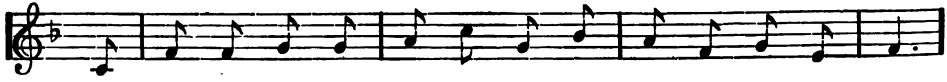
caps of gold, And col - lars of snow - y white.
- bove their heads, Just told me the words were these.
lit - tle child, And e - ven the tin - i - est flow'r."
be a good plan To re - mem- ber the dai - sies song."

WE'LL NEVER TOUCH THE WINE.

MARIA STRAUB. S. W. STRAUB.

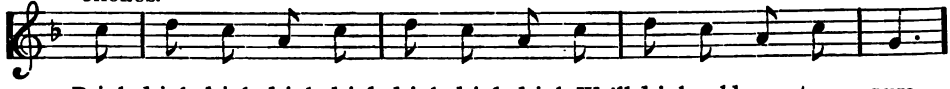


1. We are a lit - tle temp'rance band, And this our pledge se - cure:
2. We'll join the ar - my of the land, The tried, the true, the brave,

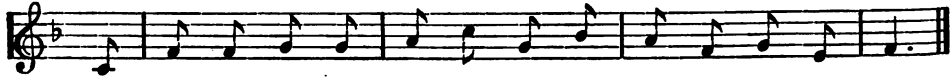


We'll nev - er, nev - er touch the wine; We'll drink the wa - ter pure.
Who no - bly strive from al - co - hol, Our friends and homes to save.

CHORUS.



Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, We'll drink cold wa - ter pure,



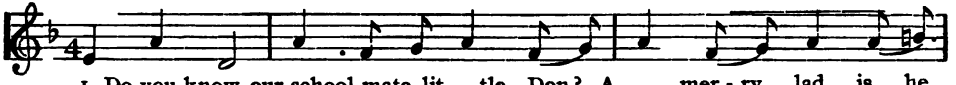
We'll nev - er, nev - er touch the wine, We'll drink the wa - ter pure.

From "Beautiful Songs," by permission.

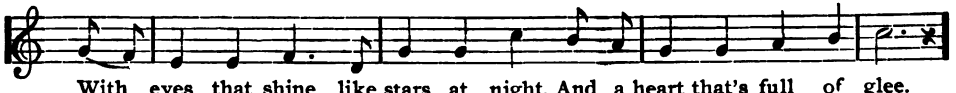
H.

DON.

CHARLES MARSH.

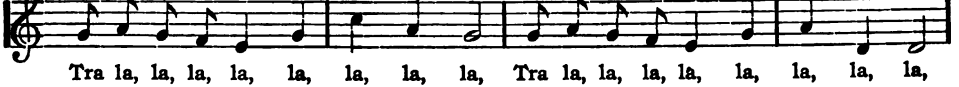


1. Do you know our school-mate lit - tle Don? A mer - ry lad is he,
2. Don wears a col - lar stiff and white, On a kilt - ed suit of blue,
3. Some - times he is a sol - dier bold, With a cap and pa - per plume,
4. Don tries to be a man - ly boy, So he's hon - est, kind and true,

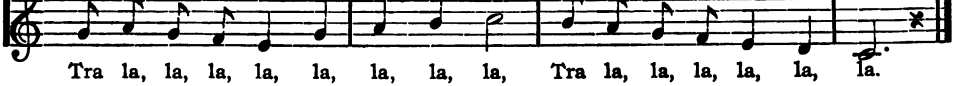


With eyes that shine like stars at night, And a heart that's full of glee.
And a pair of rub - ber boots so high, He can wade all snow-drifts through.
A bright tin sword, and fine new drum, That will play a mer - ry tune.
And he al - ways does with all his might What e'er he has to do.

CHORUS.



Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

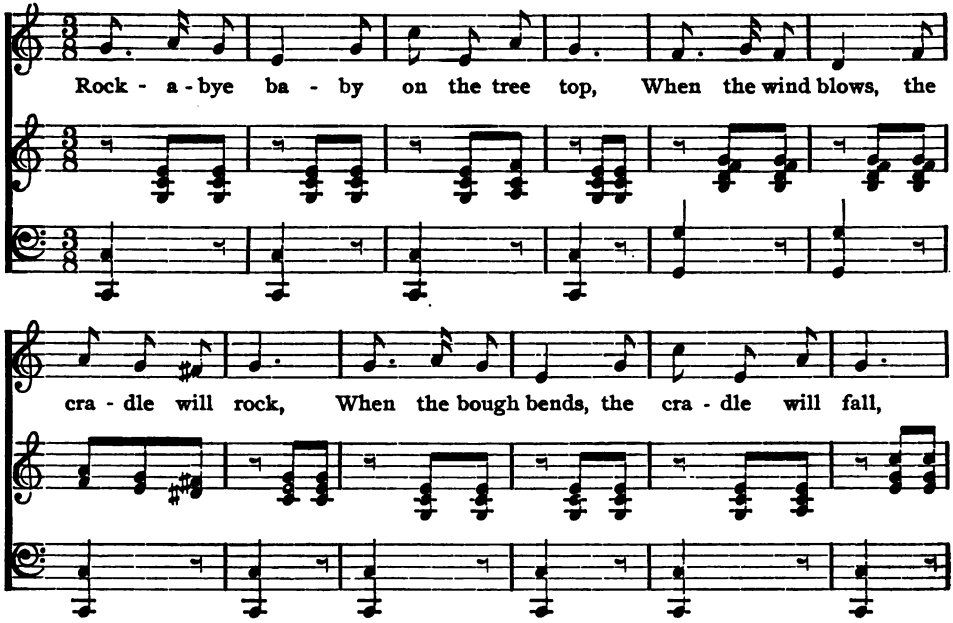


Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la.

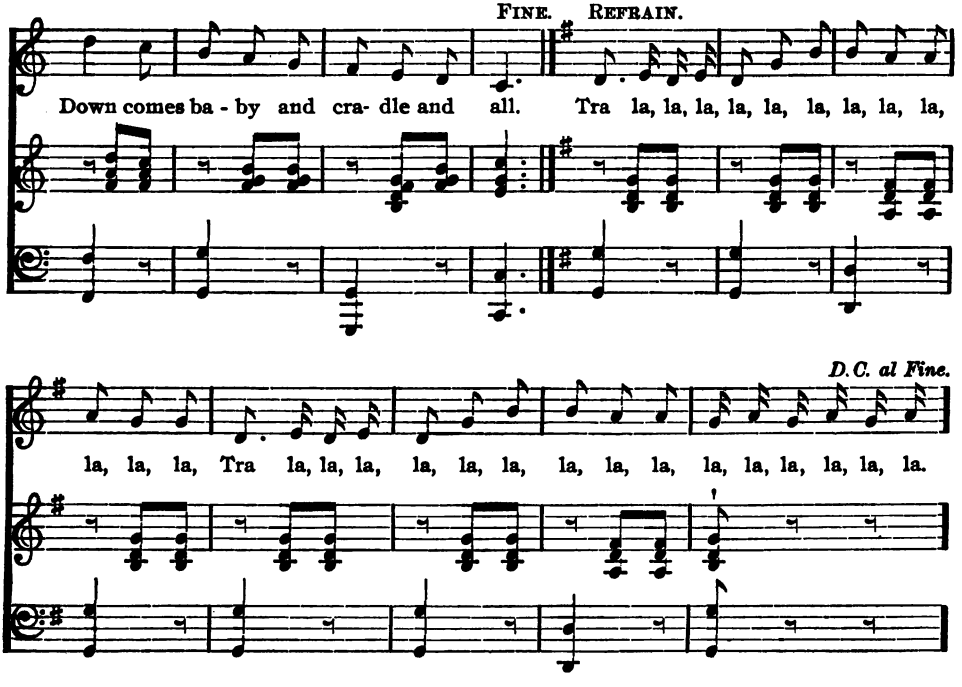
The boys may be trained to whistle the chorus. By Per.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

Old Air Arr.

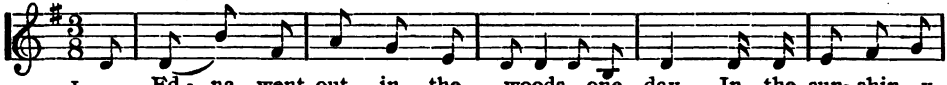


Form cradle with hands and rock during singing.

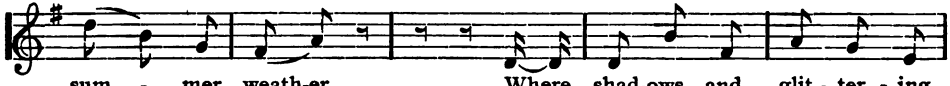

FINE.
REFRAIN.
Down comes ba - by and cra- dle and all.
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
D.C. al Fine.
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

EDNA'S WALK.

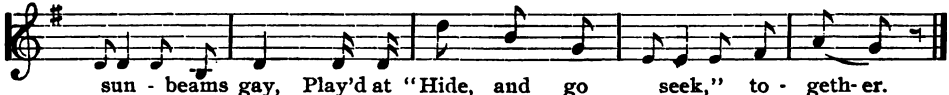
II.



1. Ed - na went out in the woods one day, In the sun- shin - y
2. There in the depth of the green old wood, Close by a
3. "Sweet lit - tle vi - o - let!" Ed - na said, "You're sad and un -
4. A sweet voice fell on the lit - tle girl's ear, "I am hap- py child,

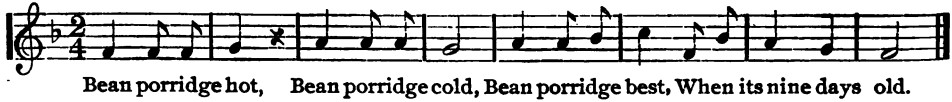


sum - mer weath-er, Where shad-ows and glit - ter - ing
mos - sy gray rock, A shy lit - tle vi - o - let
- hap - py I fear, I'll take you a - way from your
though in the shade, For God who is ev - 'ry - where



sun - beams gay, Play'd at "Hide, and go seek," to - geth- er.
qui - et - ly stood, In the dain - ti - est pale blue frock.
lone - ly bed, For you must be a - fraid to stay here.
sure - ly is here, So there's noth - ing can make me a - fraid.

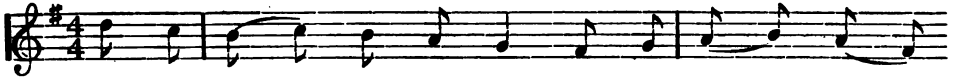
BEAN PORRIDGE HOT. *



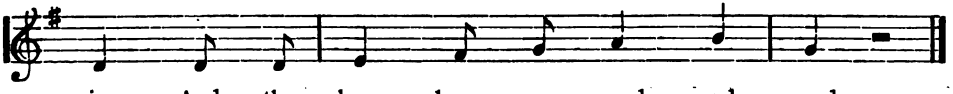
Bean porridge hot, Bean porridge cold, Bean porridge best, When its nine days old.

* Sung while children play the old "Bean porridge" game.

BEAN-BAGS.



1. Let us make a pret - ty ring, While we gai - ly play and
2. Here they go to and fro, As we catch and
3. Now you're miss'd and you know, To your seat you must



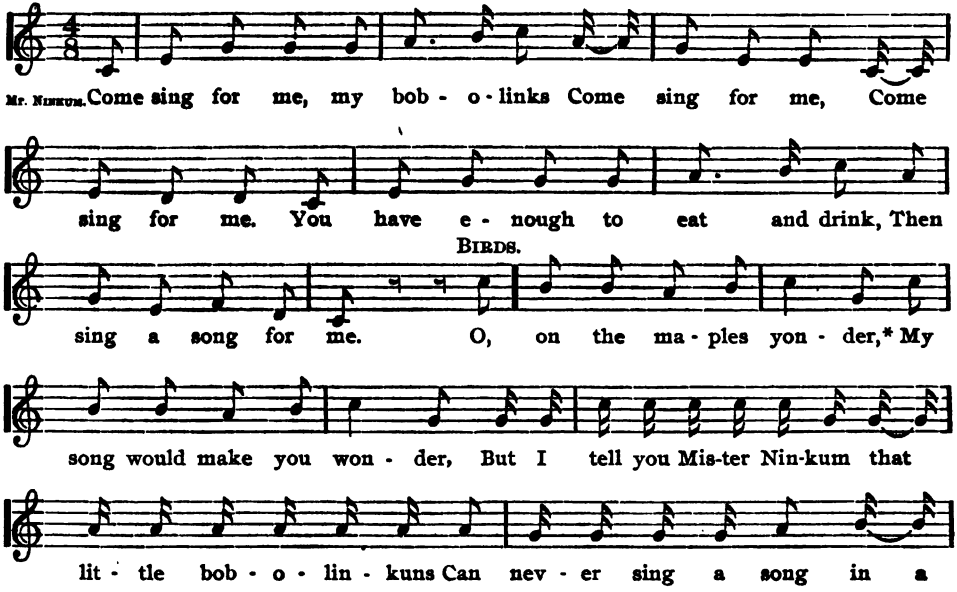
sing, And the bean - bags go round and round.
throw, How the bean - bags go round and round.
go, While the bean - bags go round and round.

School sings 1st. verse, then forms rings in different parts of the room, if space allows. If not, a number form one ring. Sing 2d. verse but once, and throw until some one misses. Then sing third verse.

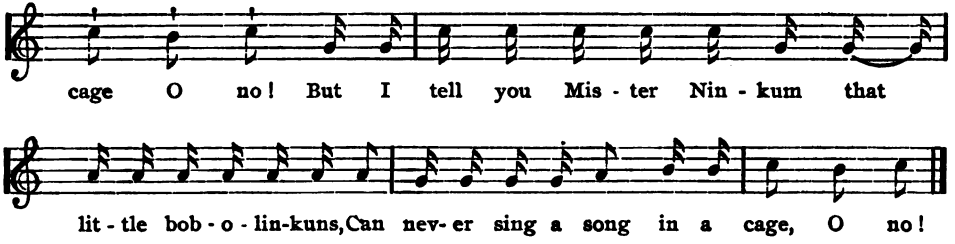
If a task is once begun
Never leave it till it's done:
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

GAME.—"Mr. Ninkum."

Arranged from the "Carol."



* Birds pointing to tree.



MR. NINKUM. Then fly away my bobolinks
To the maples high, to the maples high,
I'll ope' the door and set you free, (opens door.)
That happy you may be.

BIRDS. Oh thank you, little master,
We'll warble now with pleasure;
But I tell you Mister Ninkum
That little bobolinkuns,
Can never sing a song in a cage, O no!
But I tell you Mister Ninkum
That little bobolinkuns,
Can never sing a song in a cage, O no! Birds fly away singing gaily, "tra la" etc.

A number of children in a ring forming a cage; a few others inside for birds; one for Mr. Ninkum who opens the door and sets the birds free.

DARK CLOUDS.

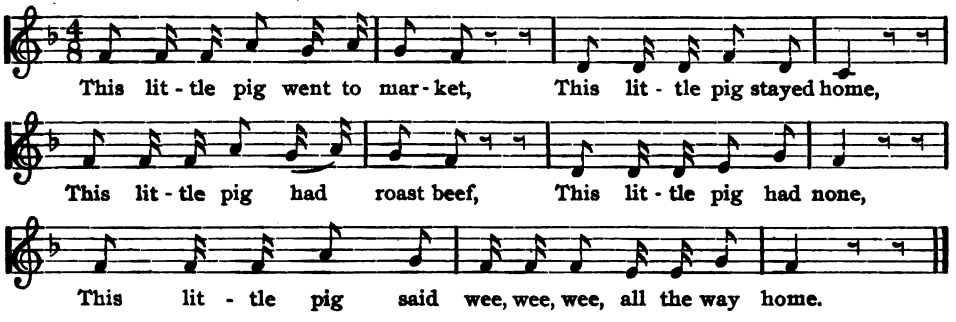
(Sung on rainy days to the tune on page 6.)

Dark clouds, are you going to stay
Up there in the sky all day?
Then we'll the more cheerily sing,
"Good-morning, good-morning, good-morning."

We will not complain if the light
Of the bright sun you hide from our sight,
When his face is kept from us, why then
He's shining on some other children.

So now, if you mean to stay
Up there in the sky all day,
Why! we'll the more cheerily sing,
"Good-morning, good morning, good-morning."

THIS LITTLE PIG.

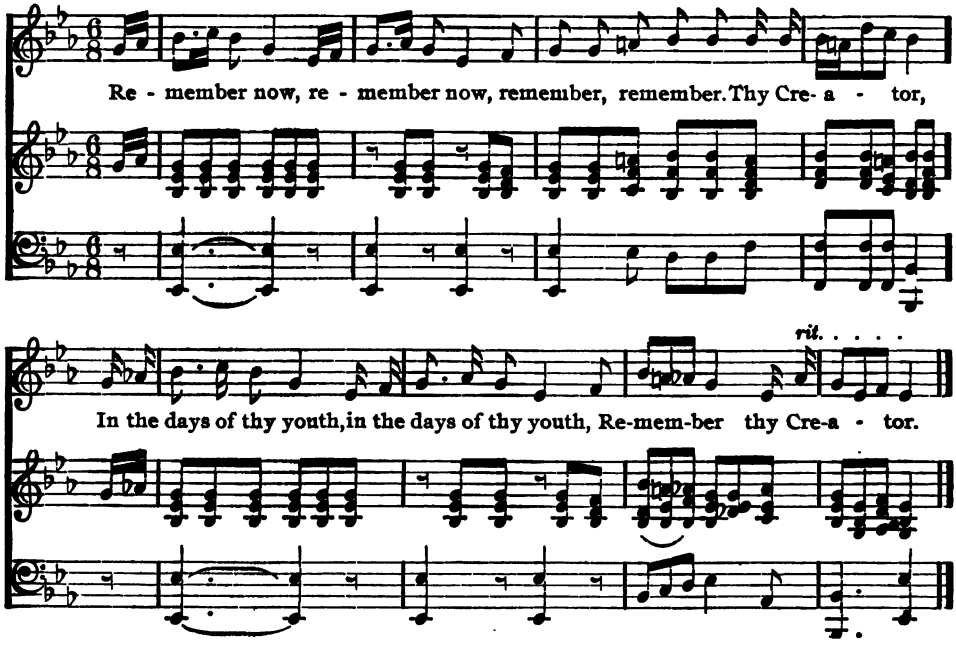


Five children for little pigs in different parts of room. School sings and points to 1st. pig who runs from the room during singing of 1st. line. 2nd. pig crouches in corner. 3rd. smacks his lips. 4th. cries. 5th. pig runs to seat.

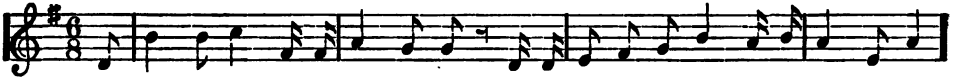
Little children you must seek
  Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak,
  Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

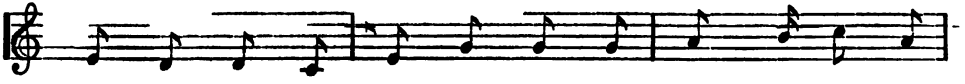
M. H. H.



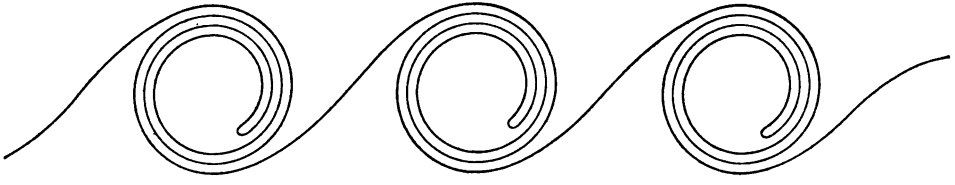
A RING IN A RING.



We'll make a ring in a ring tra la, As we wind out and in, out and in, tra la;



If you don't look sharp, I'm afraid, a- fraid, You nev-er can tell how these rings are made.



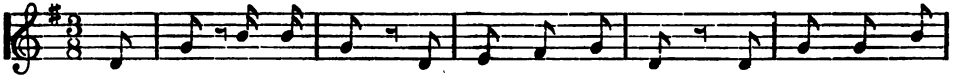
Children march as indicated by the diagram, singing the verse but once or twice during the marching.

Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there.

Sing in their order as numbered.

CHICKS.

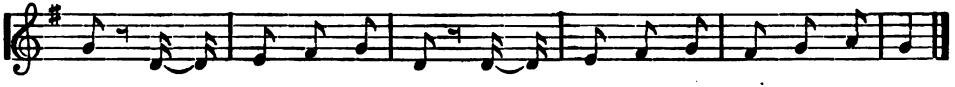
E. C. R.



1 (mother hen.) Now chicks, lit- tle chicks, just list - en to me, You must not go

4 (chicks sing.) "O, Twit- ter you

6 (chicks sing.) "O, Twit- ter, don't



out, for a big hawk's a - bout, That will catch you as sure as can be.

2 (chicks sing.) "Yes, moth-er, we'll mind all you say."

3 (Twitter speaks.) "I don't be- lieve there's a hawk out there!"

know that moth - er said so, There is sure - ly a big hawk a - bout!"

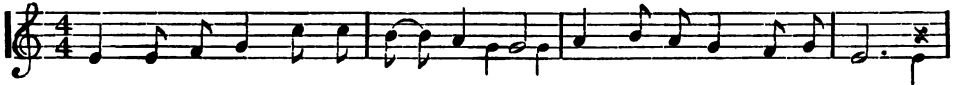
5 (Twitter speaks.) "I mean to go out a - ny way!"

go, 'twill grieve moth-er so, And be - side the big hawk is a - bout!"

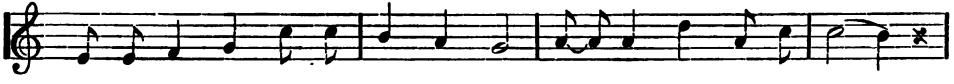
One child for "mother hen," one for a hawk, who is secreted in some part of the room, and a number of children in a group on the floor. for chicks in a nest. Hen approaches nest and sings 1st. verse, all the chicks but one "Twitter" answer, singing line marked 2. Hen goes off, and twitter speaks (3) chicks sing (4) twitter speaks (5) and while chicks sing (6) leaves the nest and is pounced upon by the hawk.

BONNIE BLUE BOWL.

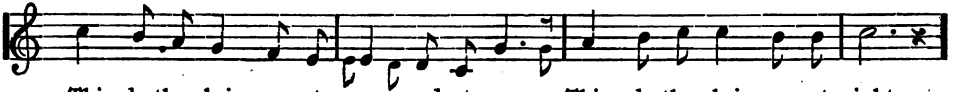
H.



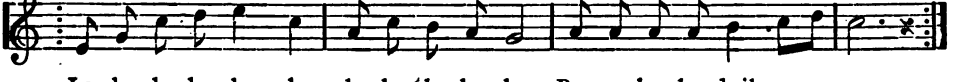
1. What do they bring me at morn and noon? What do they bring me at night? A
2. What do I see in my bonny blue bowl To eat with my bright sil-ver spoon?



bon-ny blue bowl and a sil - ver spoon, Polished so smooth and so bright.
Crusty white crumbs of a ba - ker's roll, Milk as white as the moon.



This do they bring me at morn and at noon, This do they bring me at night.
This do I find in my bon- ny blue bowl, To eat with my bright sil-ver spoon.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Bon-ny bowl and sil - ver spoon.

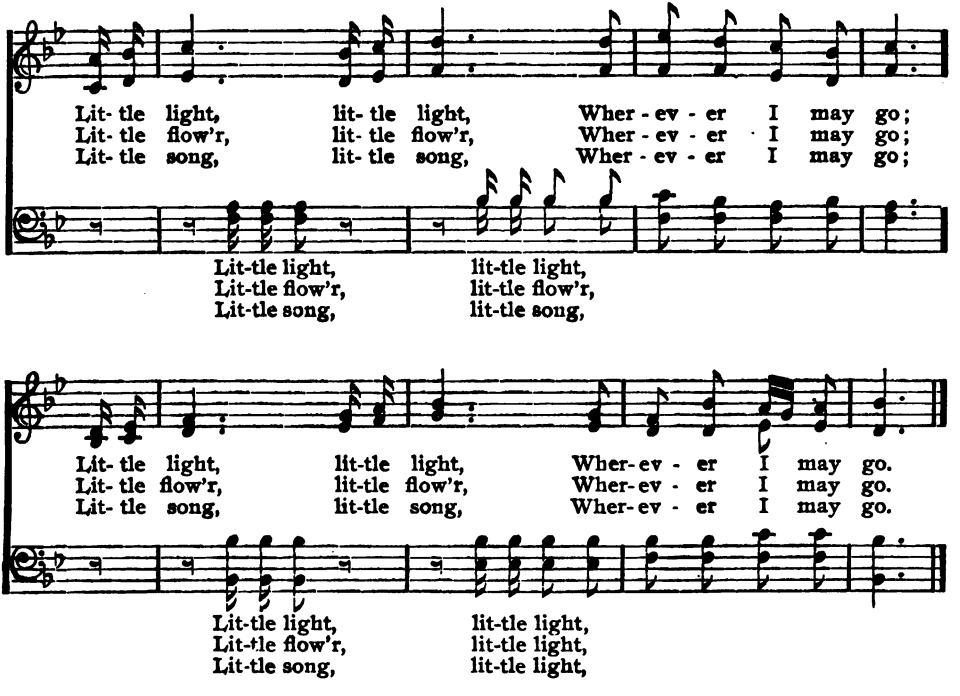
LITTLE LIGHT.

C. E. Pollock.

1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in this world to glow;
2. God, make my life a lit - tle flow'r, That giv - eth joy to all,
3. God, make my life a lit - tle song, That com - fort - eth the sad,

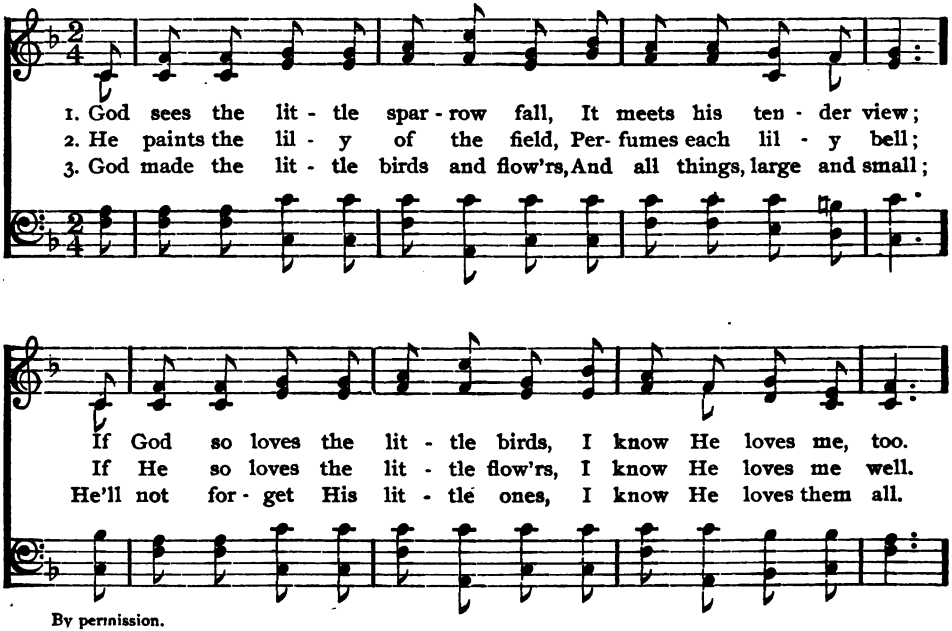
A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright Wher - ev - er I may go.
Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bow'r, Al - tho' its place be small.
That help - eth oth - ers to be strong, And makes the sing - er glad.

From "Primary Songs," by per. D. C. Cook.

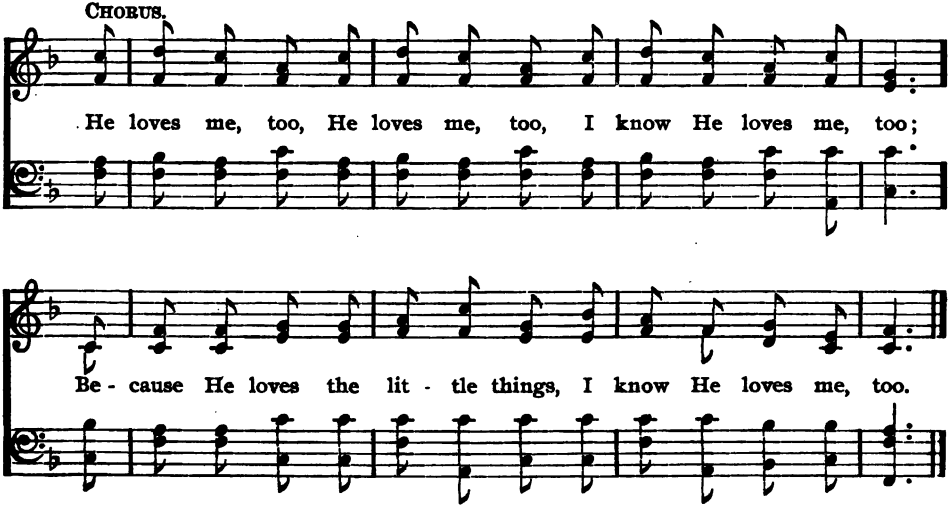

Lit- tle light, lit- tle light, Wher - ev - er I may go;
Lit- tle flow'r, lit- tle flow'r, Wher - ev - er I may go;
Lit- tle song, lit- tle song, Wher - ev - er I may go;
Lit-tle light, lit-tle light,
Lit-tle flow'r, lit-tle flow'r,
Lit-tle song, lit-tle song,
Lit- tle light, lit-tle light, Wher-ev - er I may go.
Lit- tle flow'r, lit-tle flow'r, Wher-ev - er I may go.
Lit- tle song, lit-tle song, Wher-ev - er I may go.
Lit-tle light, lit-tle light,
Lit-tle flow'r, lit-tle light,
Lit-tle song, lit-tle light,

HE LOVES ME, TOO.

MARIA STRAUB. S. W. STRAUB.



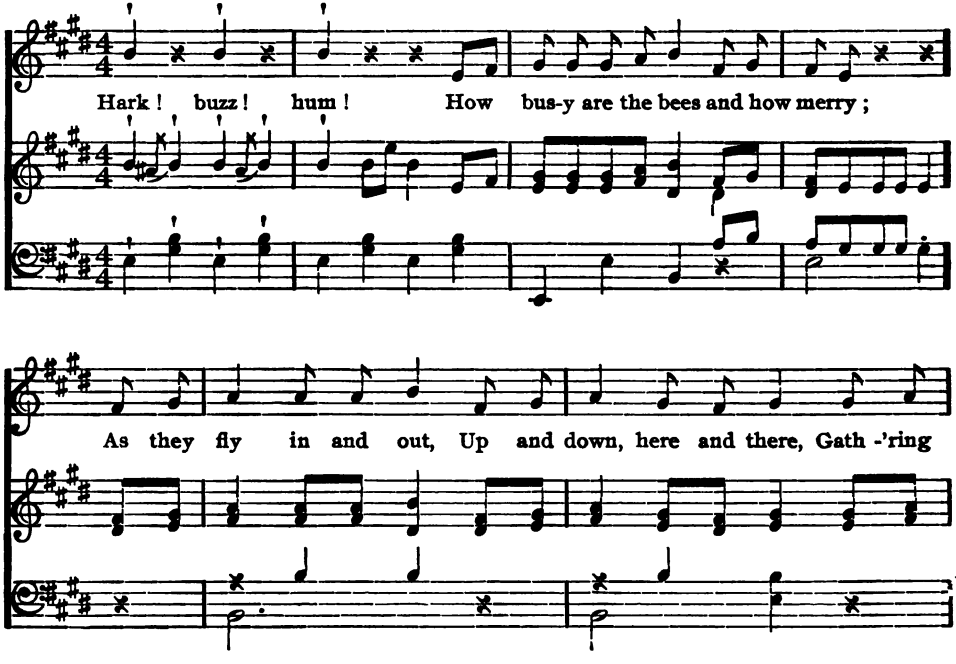
By permission.

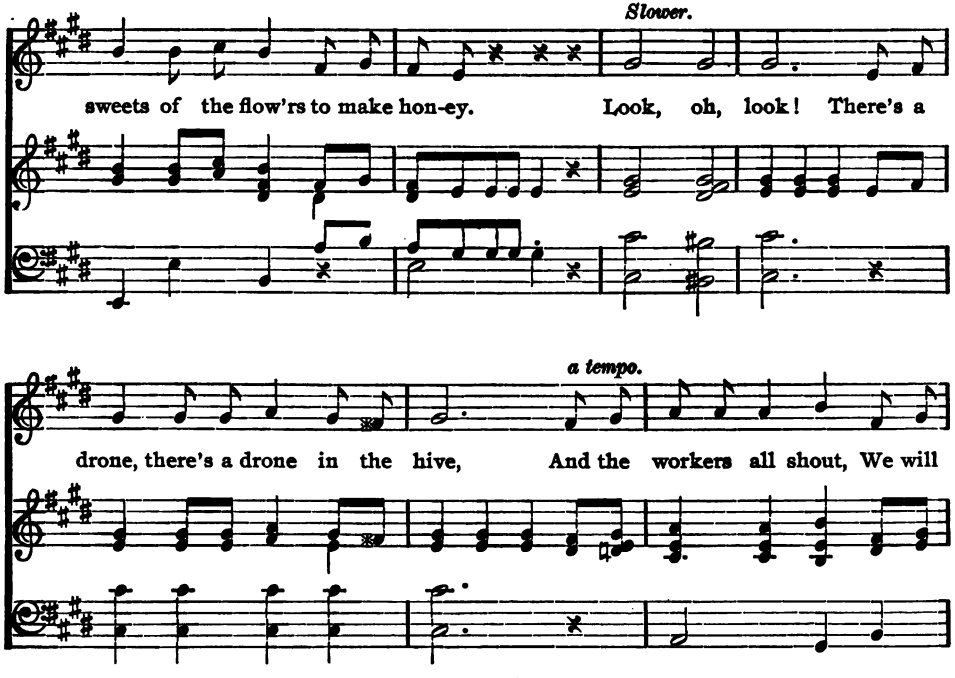


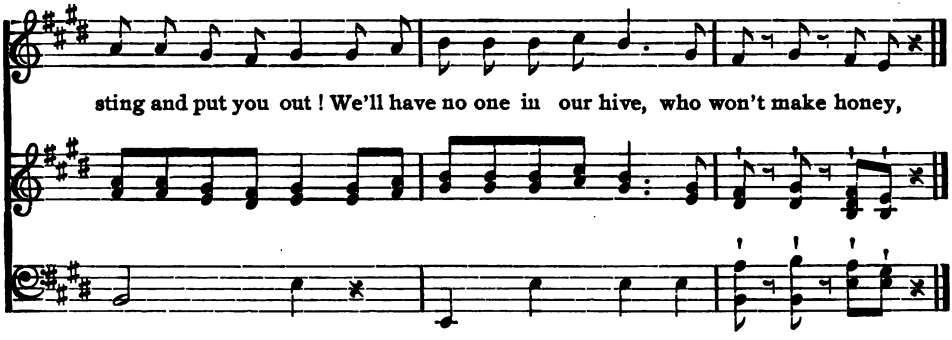
If you tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

THE BEES.

H.


Hark ! buzz ! hum ! How bus-y are the bees and how merry ;
As they fly in and out, Up and down, here and there, Gath -'ring


Slower.
sweets of the flow'rs to make hon-ey. Look, oh, look! There's a
a tempo.
drone, there's a drone in the hive, And the workers all shout, We will

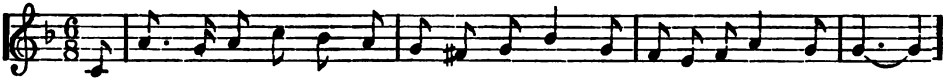


A ring of children inclosing a few others, who represent bees and a drone. While the school sings, the bees go in and out of the ring making a buzzing noise and running from child to child, then back to hive, with imaginary honey. At the words "We'll sting and put you out" the workers catch the drone and drive it out. The school representing a field of red clover.

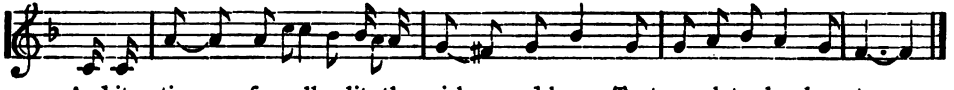
The fisher who draws in his net too soon,
  Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon,
  Won't learn any lessons well.

THE SAND MAN.

M. H. H.



1. Now, dear lit- tle chil-dren so sleep-y and tired, The shadows of night come down,
2. So lay down your heads on your pillows so soft, Drop quickly the eye-lids down,
3. Now, sand man, come out with your bright golden sand, And scatter it all a - round,
4. Come back, little chil-dren, its time to come back, The shadows of night are gone,

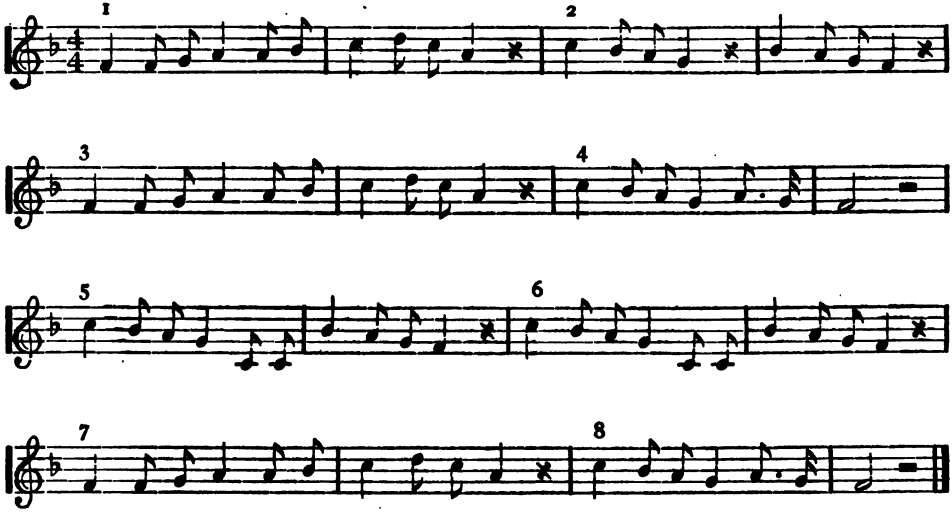


And its time for all lit- tle girls and boys, To trav- el to slumber town.
And the sand man will come with his bright golden sand, And take you to slumber town.
O - ver these lit - tle children so sleep-y and tired, And take them to slumber town.
And it's time for all lit- tle girls and boys, To come back from slumber town.

Sung as solo. 1st. verse, children gape, stretch and nod as if sleepy. 2nd. verse, lay heads on desks or arms. 3rd. verse, child for sand man walks through room scattering grains of golden sand over sleepers. (Pause before 4th. verse.) 4th. verse slowly awake.

Dare to be patient and loving each day;
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.

DUMB BELL EXERCISE.

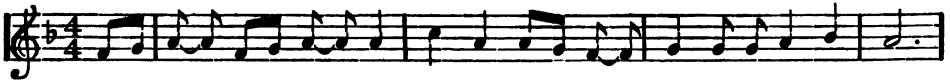


School in position, with bells at chest.

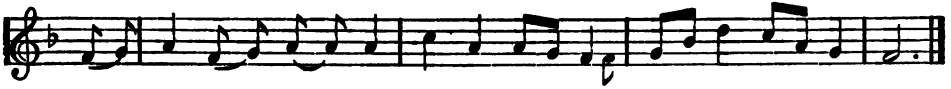
1. Right bell forward at 1st. and 3rd. beats of each measure. Back at 2nd. and 4th. 2. Arms folded. 3. Left bell forward and back. 4. Arms folded. 5. Arms extended in front, bells vertical, right above left, strike for every beat in the measures reversing bells at every count. 6. Arms folded. 7. Arms extended in front, bells horizontal, strike for every beat in the measure, reversing bells at every count. 8. Arms folded. If she has no musical instrument, the teacher may train part of the school to sing the air, while the rest use the bells.

THANKSGIVING.

RUTH E. WILSON.



1. We thank the Lord for dai - ly bread, We thank Him for home and friends,
2. We thank Him for sun-shine and pleasant days, For mak-ing the world so fair,
3. Then let us re - joice and praise the Lord, For His kindness and love al - way;

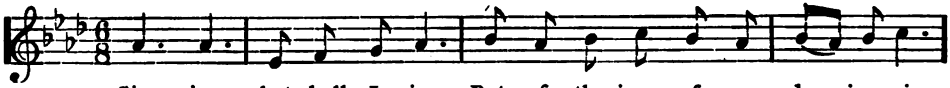


We thank Him for giving us health and strength, And for ev'ry thing else He sends.
For trees and flowers, for brooks and birds, Blue skies and balm- y air.
We'll thank Him with grate- ful hearts and lips, On each Thanksgiving day.

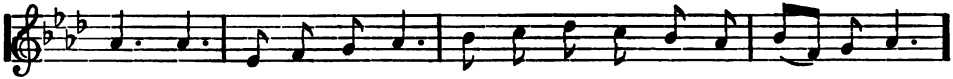
If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient, don't learn too fast,
The man who travels a mile each day
Will get 'round the world at last.

SING AND PLAY.

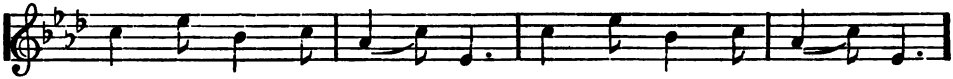
B. JEPSON, by Per.



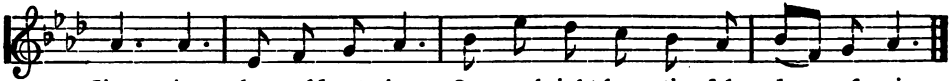
1. Sing, sing, what shall I sing, But of the joys of a day in spring.
2. Play, play, what shall I play, Thro' the long hours of an au - tumn day.



May, May, beau- ti - ful May, Na- ture is smil- ing and all is gay.
Change, change, foli-age of green, Lus-cious, ripe fruit 'mid the brown leaves seen.



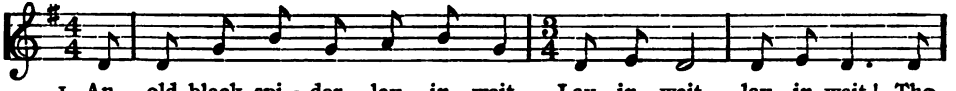
When the flow'rs are spring - ing, When the birds are sing - ing,
See the nuts are fall - ing; Hear the chil - dren call - ing;



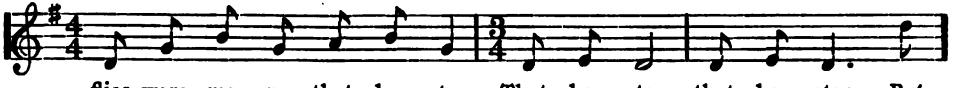
Sing, sing, who could not sing, On a bright, beau- ti - ful day of spring.
Play, play, who could not play, Thro' the long hours of an au - tumn day.

THE SPIDER KING.

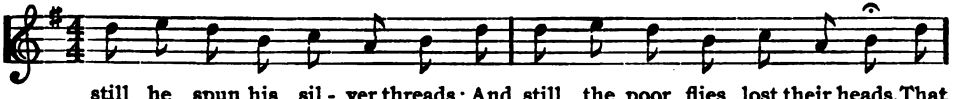
B. Jepson, by Per.



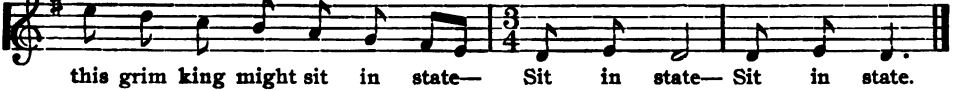
1. An old black spi - der lay in wait— Lay in wait— lay in wait! The
2. Each day he lar - ger, lar - ger grew— Lar - ger grew— lar- ger grew And



flies were ma - ny that he ate— That he ate— that he ate: But
fed on something fresh and new— Fresh and new— fresh and new: But



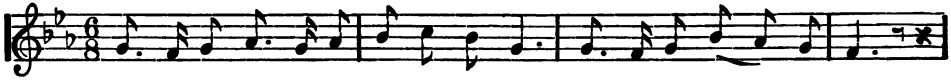
still he spun his sil - ver threads; And still the poor flies lost their heads, That
one fell day the housemaids broom, Found out his web a - mid the gloom; And



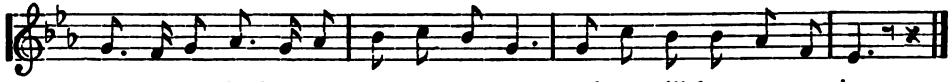
this grim king might sit in state— Sit in state— Sit in state.
this black spi - der quick she slew— Quick she slew— quick she slew!

HOP, LITTLE RABBIT.

H.



1. Hop, lit- tle Rab-bit! hop off to the woods, Hop a-way while we sing.
2. Fly, lit- tle Bir- die! fly up to the sky, Fly a-way while we sing.
3. Swim, lit- tle Minnow! swim out in the lake, Swim a-way while we sing.
4. Trot, lit- tle Po - ny! trot out to the barn, Trot a-way while we sing.
5. Run, lit- tle Dog-gie! run off down the street, Run a-way while we sing.



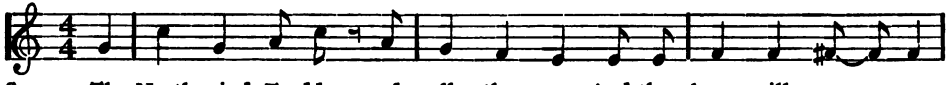
When you come back you must tell what you saw, And we will let you come in.

A ring of children enclosing five others, who represent a rabbit, bird, minnow &c., each in turn, during the singing of the proper stanza leaves the ring and hops, flies, or swims to an appointed place. When all are gone, the children call them back in order, and they are again admitted if they give proper answers to the questions "What did you see in the woods? lake? barn? &c. Suitable answers must be given, and the children taught to mention things they have seen, or things that can be seen in the places alluded to.

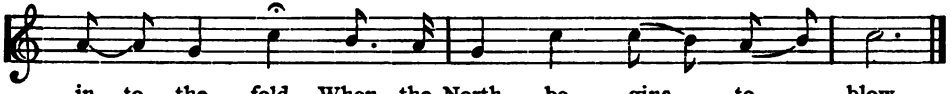
Don't tell me of to-morrow
Give me the boy who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day."

THE WINDS.

1st Voice speaks. *Which is the wind that brings the cold?*



SCHOOL. The North wind, Freddy, and all the snow; And the sheep will scam - per



in - to the fold, When the North be - gins to blow.

2d Voice speaks. *Which is the wind that brings the heat?*
SCHOOL Sing. The South wind Katy, and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

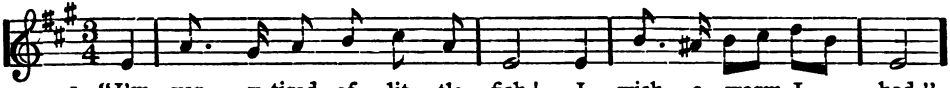
3d Voice. *Which is the wind that brings the rain?*
SCHOOL. The East wind Arty, and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

4th Voice. *Which is the wind that brings the flowers?*
SCHOOL. The West wind Bessy, and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

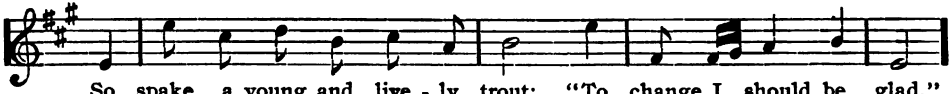
School points in the direction indicated by verses.

THE TROUT'S SAD FATE.

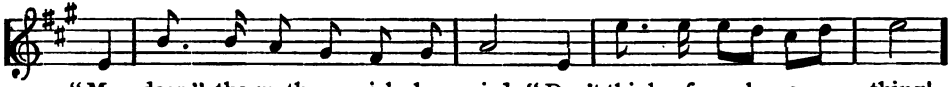
B. Jepson, by Per.



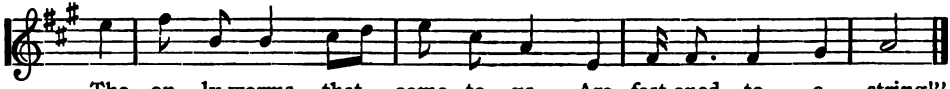
1. "I'm ver - y tired of lit - tle fish! I wish a worm I had,"
2. "And some- thing e - ven worse than that, Is hid - den un - der - neath,
3. "Its small, but then its ver - y nice," The fish - er - man did say;



So spake a young and live - ly trout; "To change I should be glad."
For of a sharp and bit - ter hook, The worm is but the sheath."
And quick - ly put a - noth - er worm, Up - on his hook that day.



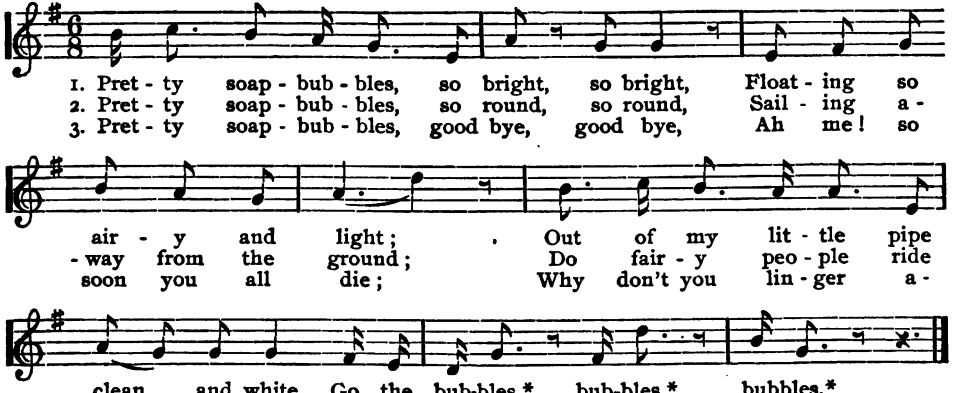
"My dear," the moth-er quick- ly cried; "Don't think of such a thing!
But, ah! this naughty lit - tle fish, Was sure he bet - ter knew;
The moth - er wait - ed long that night, And she is wait - ing still!



The on - ly worms that come to us Are fast-ened to a string!"
And soon he left his moth-er's side To get a near - er view.
O! sad the fate of poor young trout, Who had his fool - ish will.

BUBBLES.

M. H. H.



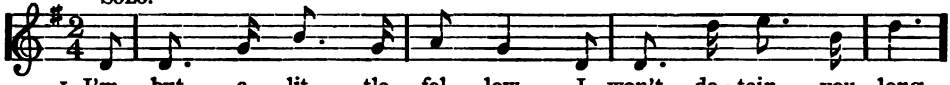
* Use pencils for pipes, and blow a bubble, tossing it into the air.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

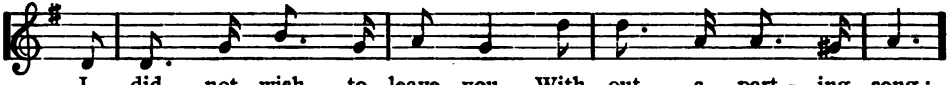
I'M BUT A LITTLE FELLOW.

B. Jepson, by Per.

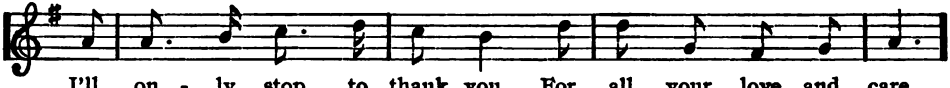
Solo.



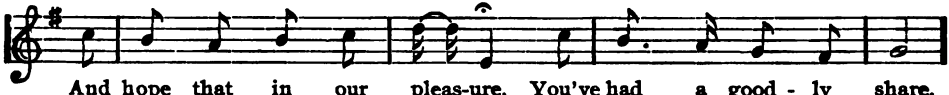
1. I'm but a lit - tle fel - low, I won't de - tain you long.
2. You've met us in our school-room, And mark'd each smil - ing face,
3. Then do not be dis - cour - aged, Nor stop to count the cost,



I did not wish to leave you, With - out a part - ing song:
When at our teach - er's mo - tion, We quick - ly took our place;
I'm sure that we shall prove you, It is not la - bor lost;

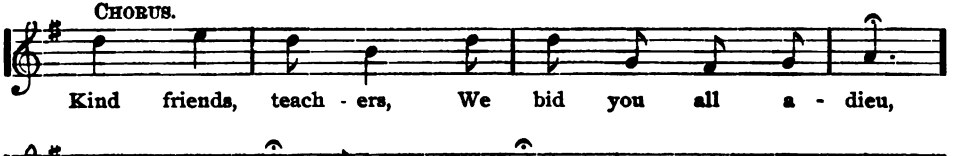


I'll on - ly stop to thank you, For all your love and care,
While with our arms all fold - ed, And stand - ing in a row,
When to a no - ble man - hood, We lit - tle boys have grown,

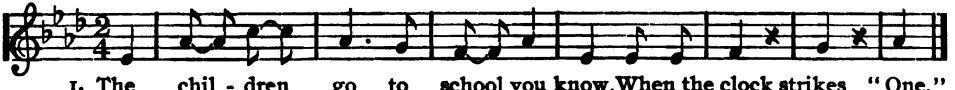


And hope that in our pleas-ure, You've had a good - ly share.
You've list - ened to our sing - ing, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, Do.
And ev - 'ry lit - tle girl becomes A "pol - ished cor - ner stone."

CHORUS.



THE CLOCK.

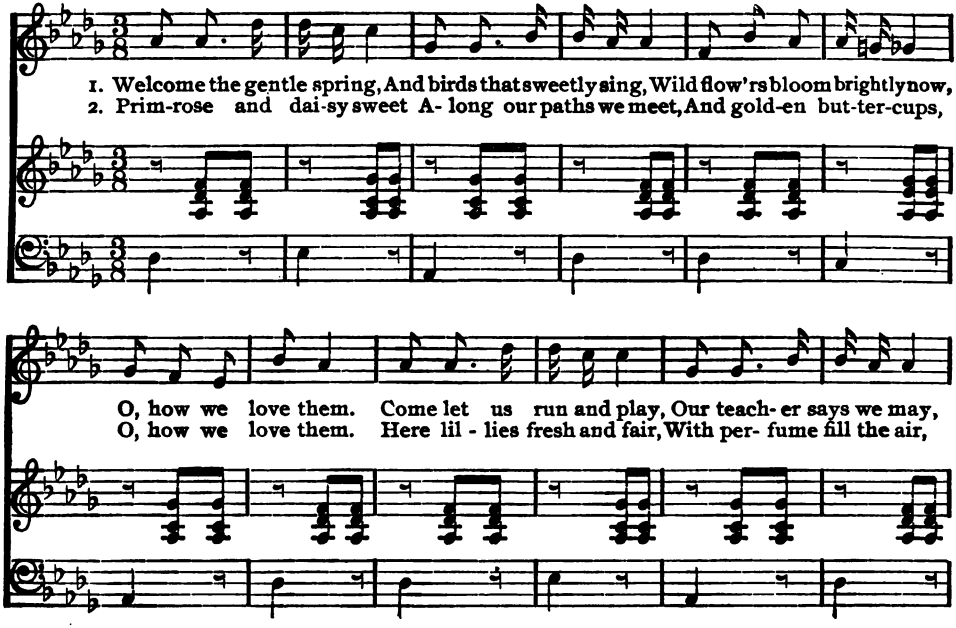


1. The chil - dren go to school you know, When the clock strikes "One."
2. They stand in a row, and read just so, When the clock strikes "Two."
3. "Good- bye they say, then off to play, When the clock strikes "Three."
4. They shout and run, dear me! what fun, When the clock strikes "Four."
5. They wash their hands and comb their hair, When the clock strikes "Five."
6. Now clean and neat, they're ready to eat, When the clock strikes "Six."
7. With ea - ger looks, they scan their books, When the clock strikes "Seven."
8. Their "Good-night's!" said, they're safe in bed, When the clock strikes "Eight."
9. The an - gels keep watch while they sleep, Till the morn - ing dawns.

Twelve children in a ring, each with a Roman numeral corresponding to those on a clock dial. A child in the center with a bell which he rings at end of every verse, in imitation of the striking of a clock. Two others inside the ring for hands of clock. In another part of the room a group act the verses while they are sung by the school. During singing of each verse the minute hand runs around the ring to XII. Hour hand moving from I to II, II to III &c. at the same time.

SPRING SONG.

Words by Chas. J. Barnes, 1888. Arr. by T. M. Towne., Neapolitan Song.



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Keep a watch on your words, my darlings.. 77

Little gay Bunny-coat..... 37
Let us make a pretty ring..... 95
Like as a father pitieth his children 63
Little slate, come out of your house..... 5
Little hands, take a nap..... 9
Little Miss Snow-flake came to town 72
Look! boys, here's plenty of snow..... 32

Merry little sun-beams..... 78
Merry little kernels of corn are we..... 28
Mid pleasures and palaces..... 18

Naughty Johnny Snarl 17
Now, shut up your eyes, little doll..... 22
Now, chicks, little chicks..... 102
Now, dear little children, so sleepy and tired 111

O, beautiful flakes of snow..... 69
O, the bell-chimes, sweetly pealing. 26
Oh! my arms, they are wonderful things ... 34
O, there is a little artist..... 50
One little black duck..... 54
Our Father who art in heaven 49
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Pretty soap-bubbles, so bright and so bright 119

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Rock-a-bye, baby..... 92

Said the first little chicken 20
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Sing, sing, what shall I sing?..... 114
Sixty seconds make one minute..... 9
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Sly Reynard lay by the dusky pine..... 44
Spring time has come, has come..... 1
Suffer little children 16

The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow.. 117
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The dear little pansies are lifting their heads 53
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The dollies were lonesome one day..... 36
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The stars are tiny daisies high..... 25
The clock says, "Keep still"..... 31
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover 19

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There's a plump little chap..... 74
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This is Dick's tent..... 42
This little pig went to market..... 99
'Tis time for school to close..... 7
Two pointed ears on a little round head.... 65
Two little bowls..... 54

We wash out our clothes, you know..... 33
We'll all rise up together..... 30
We are a little temp'rance band..... 90
We thank the Lord for daily bread..... 113
We'll make a ring in a ring..... 101
We little women and men..... 4
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Welcome the gentle spring..... 122
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When the corn begins to sprout..... 39
Whenever I sing this song..... 45
What do they bring me at morn and noon? 103
What says the waving grain?..... 20
Where do all the daisies go?..... 85
Where did you come from, baby dear?..... 63
Who was here?..... 8
Winter is here..... 60

You beautiful, golden sun..... 6

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